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# UPS AND DOWNS OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

BY JAMES HUFFMAN

*10th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A.*

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NEW YORK

WILLIAM E. RUDGE'S SONS

1940

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# *UPS AND DOWNS OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER*

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# DEDICATION

THE publication of this book is in itself a tribute to my Father. I dedicate it to my Mother—my Mother who followed the measured course of a full life with that quiet devotion without which no fine thing can ever be done.

In her fifty-six years she bore and raised nine children and her days were filled with those endless small tasks of patience and care that have no seeming reward but their own fulfillment.

In gratitude, then, and in humility before that quiet strength and devotion, I make this dedication to a fine and noble character—my Mother.

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JAMES HUFFMAN

Please do not write in this
book or turn down the pages

In the effort to write a sketch of my life from early childhood down to the present time, I being now three score and twelve, I find I will be very much handicapped and at a great loss on account of data as well as memory, which is my greatest failing at the present time of life. Therefore, should there be errors it will be more of the head than of the heart, as it is my purpose to adhere strictly to the simple, plain facts as they occurred throughout the whole career of life.

At a glance backward it seems but a few fleeting years since I was but a little tot in a long dress or coat, which composed our wearing apparel until five to ten years of age, playing in mud puddles, little creeks or branches, forgetting the time before we returned in our sad plight and pitiable condition to face our mother and take the usual flogging.

This light punishment inflicted by a tender, kind and loving mother did not prove effectual, nor lessen the desire we had, nor hinder us from sporting and playing in the water. As we advanced in age our adventures were extended to larger streams and the sport continued even into the rivers; but our chief delight was in large, wild, rapid creeks with good tide—the rougher the water the more sport there was in it for us (for I was number four, and not always alone). Our aim was to gain the highest honor in the sport, without thought of fear or the risk of endangering our lives, or of the wear and tear on our clothes.

This adventurous and ambitious nature and fondness for pleasure and excitement grew on me through life and led me into a great many wild experiences,

with very narrow margins or hairbreadth escapes. Strange as it may seem, I still have a fondness and longing desire for sporting in and on the water streams down to the present time of life.

While I was courting I came to the conclusion I was having too many ups and downs as they were many and close together, and in order to have smooth, even sailing, I asked my intended wife, before marriage, to go West with me, where it was said there were no ups and downs, *but just one even, smooth, level plain,* but somehow she changed her notion (as women will sometimes) and was not quite willing to go so great a distance from her mother, and I would not take her against her wishes.

So we remained here to fight the battles of life on our own native soil of Virginia, toiling along together over the ups and downs with apparently every avenue of life closed against us. Some of these obstructions were leniency, overconfidence, loose dealing, and others were fires, floods and other misfortunes and losses over which I had no control. With all these hard-fought battles I never attained to the honors of Napoleon, Wellington, Lee or Jackson. Therefore the reader may not expect anything great.

When I take a closer view and scrutinize the past with the object of itemizing in detail all the incidents, happenings, ups and downs, prosperity, adversity, happiness, trouble, sorrow and bereavements, then it appears to have been a *very long voyage down the stream of life,* with only *one* thing to boast or feel proud of, that is, every time I fell, I got up again.

I take great consolation in one of the ablest sermons I ever listened to, preached by Bishop Denney in Roanoke about two years ago, on the life of King David, and why he was a man after God's own heart. The gist of it was that he rose quickly after his falls.

My school days were few and far apart; therefore my education was limited to that of a beginner in spelling, reading, writing and ciphering only. The schools were so indifferent and far between that I took more delight in my father's work, sometimes stopping before the end of the term, which was from two to three months. When I was older and might have acquired a better education the Civil War broke out and blocked the way. Then when I was made a prisoner of war, I thought my opportunity had come, but alas, the road was again blocked and my hopes foiled.

When the great conflict was over and I returned home to my loved ones, devastation, destruction, poverty and starvation stared me in the face. This brought me face to face with the inevitable "root, little pig, or die." Having suffered the hardships and privations of four years of war, and being still alive, I entered the contest for bread-winning and trusted to Providence for the victory.

It will be borne in mind that our country was stripped of almost everything. Commodities had two and three prices and there was scarcely any legal money with which to buy anything, the currency, for a while, being labor and commerce.

Under these very trying circumstances I launched my little bark on the ocean of independent life, armed

with little else than my hands to fight the battles of the world, a different warfare than my experiences of the four preceding years.

It would not be just and true for me to say I have had all smooth, even sailing through life. I had a good Christian father and mother whose example and teaching I desired to follow from early youth with a pure, devoted life to the Master, and enjoyed many seasons of copious showers of blessings.

But the way was not always strewn with sunshine and happiness, nor decorated with beds of ease. Four times I have started with little else than my hands. The last time I was so broken down in health, after about eight years of the old dyspepsia, never getting rest day or night, that I felt it would be a relief to me to lay down my unfinished life if I could do it. In such trying times friends turn away, enemies make trouble, and if possible crush the last vital cord of strength and energy. But I had one friend who strengthened me and held me up, and enabled me to pull through in the face of all my enemies. Praise, honor and glory be to His Name forever.

After freeing myself from pretended friends, but really enemies, we made the fourth start to pull the hill for the comfort, welfare, education, and elevation of our children, and a competency for ourselves.

In the outlining of the incidents of my own simple life, I will give a brief sketch of the ancestors on both sides and the near relatives as far as knowledge and memory will permit me to go. These recollections are very limited, as at the age of life when I was most

suited to acquire this knowledge, the war came upon us as a huntsman with guns and dogs would advance upon a flock of birds, and scatter them to the four winds.

CHAPTER I

# Childhood and Youth

I WAS born in the Year of Our Lord, January 31, 1840, about one mile north of Alma Bridge, near the public road, now the Massanutton and Gordonsville Pike, in the county of Page, and state of Virginia, on my father's farm.

This farm had on it a comfortable dwelling, barn, blacksmith shop, tan-yard, spring house and other necessary farm buildings, all of which have since been taken down, removed or rebuilt, except the spring house. It's a wonder they hadn't tried to move that as it is fifty or sixty yards in front of the house in a nice little meadow or bottom containing five or six acres, and lying between the house and road.

The dwelling sets back at the foot of the slope of the hill. The barn was behind the house, spring house in front, and the tan-yard over at the road. Also there was an up-and-down sawmill down near the South Fork of the Shenandoah River on a creek. The mill was run when there was plenty of water. (In later years coal was found on this farm near the river.)

Though I was only five and a half years of age when my father sold out to Charles Dovel, and moved to Naked Creek in Page County, I remember a good many incidents and happenings in and around the old native home, a few of which I will relate.

I was the fourth of a family of ten children, six of them born at this place, and four on Naked Creek.

Therefore the team was not complete without me, and I was not left out if I could help it, even at from two to three years of age. Generally I got the worst of it and too often came in from our rambles through the creek and ponds in such an unsightly condition that I had to have a bath and a dry dress put on before I was fit to go in, and sometimes a licking too. This sport was all too frequently indulged in, to the hardship of our mother.

Occasionally my father would take me over the river to old Mr. Isaac Long's, and I was delighted to go for he always gave me a good slice of honey bread. One day when we arrived he was stringing beans. He immediately got out the honey bread which I munched at until the last crumb was disposed of. On the way home we had a little accident that for the time frightened away all that sweet recollection. To avoid a long way around, father would ride across the river. There was a steep bank on our side and in the effort of the horse to climb the bank, his hind feet slipped on the ledge, and he fell sprawling in the water. When father had gained his feet, his first effort was to put me in the path up the bank, but all his pulling was in vain. I had gotten hold of the bushes and had no thought of letting loose, but scrambled on up the bank, forgetting for the time all about the honey bread.

One day my older brother and sister and myself went over to the tan-yard at the road, to grind the axe. After we had finished and were part way to the house, it was discovered we had forgotten the cup which we used in pouring water. I being the youngest

of course had to go after it. This came near making me a cripple for life. I ran like a deer with the dogs after him, did not look where I was going, and jumped on a bark knife, splitting my foot from the instep to the second toe, the bone only saving it from being cut off entirely, as the knife was two inches wide and lying with the edge directly upward. I walked half-way to the house where Isaac Graves was plowing; he picked me up and carried me to the house. Now here is where I made my first record of being a tolerably good boy for a while. They did not sew the wound; I suppose they thought it would be a tough job. The result was it took a long time to heal. The wound stood open half an inch when mother washed and dressed it, and I am still carrying the scar with the under-leader of my big toe severed.

Presley Carter, a young man who worked for father, went bathing in the river with others and was drowned. I can't tell how, but he was not found until his body floated. My recollection is that hard thunder during the night raised him to the surface.

Then I remember going to Grape Vine Meeting House on the riverside just below the new steel bridge that now spans the Shenandoah at Alma.

I distinctly remember the election of James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, *Poke and Dallas.* I was four and a half years old when they teased me and called me "Poke" and wanted to know if I was a Democrat or a Whig.

In a little graveyard nearby were laid to rest my great-grandfather, George Huffman, grandfather

Daniel Huffman, grandmother Catherine Huffman, and dear little brother Willie, about ten months old, who died of measles. I imagine I can still see his restless form tossing on his pillow in the old family cradle until the Master called his tender spirit home.

Now we leave the old home and take the train (wagon train) for our new home on Naked Creek. This train was well fitted with household goods, leaving a small space well nigh the bows where a commodious chafftick was spread for the comfort of several of the smallest of us, Eliza being the youngest, about three and a half years old. After a full day's travel on this slow train we arrived at our new home with no serious accident.

This was the beginning of a very busy life. Here we had all new acquaintances to form and new surroundings; the house, the orchard, the farm, the barn, the up-and-down sawmill, the mill race, and most important to all of us, the creek, which was two and a half miles to the river and in many places over our depth, but we soon learned to swim. There was one place called the Deep Hole, the depth of which I never learned but it must have been more than twenty feet deep. Some said it had no bottom, but as the slab raft was our most modern craft, we never explored its depth. This creek, when she put on her Sunday clothes, tipped the measure at four, five and six feet plumb water; then it was healthiest to keep shy. A tide of two to three feet was our delight.

The commodious mill race was an ideal sporting place, being about three hundred yards long and two-

thirds of it fifteen to twenty-five feet wide, and from two to five feet deep. This made a fine skating pond when covered with ice. In the summer it was a great place for fish which we could catch by shutting down the headgate tight and drawing off the water slowly. In the spring and early summer the creek would also get full of nice fish which we could catch with nets, snares, hooks and gigs; many of them were ten, twelve and fifteen inches long, some longer.

After we had familiarized ourselves with our neighbors and our surroundings, everything seemed to have been made for us. The creek and mill race were grand places for youthful sports. It was our delight to have a tide of two to three feet when we would pin four or five slabs together, and away we would go, sometimes getting our rafts broken up in a wreck, at other times making the trip safely to the river.

I well remember the time Jeff Smith and I made a raft of very long slabs, twenty-five to thirty feet long, which was very hard to manage on short turns. The tide was as high as we dared to venture on. Finally we were ready and went flying on down the stream, fighting to keep in the center, when just ahead was a foot bridge too near the water to go under, and a good jump to go over, so fast were we flying. There was no time to think. I jumped and went clear, landing on my feet. Jeff stood looking at me like a goose until his legs struck the bridge and he tumbled flat on the raft and lay there scratching his shins like another goose. I was almost dying laughing at him. We went at a high speed until we passed the deep hole. The

THE CONESTOGA WAGON
*in which a nation migrated.*

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water was awfully rough and the breakers ran high amid ledges of limestone. The raft running under the big waves made it unmanageable and in a short turn it slid sideways on a big ledge, wheeled and broke in the middle, Jeff going out on one side and I on the other. I thought that would not do, so I plunged in and swam over. Then we had the hardest part of the trip, to walk home with the water streaming from our clothes.

We indulged in this sport whenever we had a good opportunity and tide to suit, but this was only a little luxury for father and mother had many attractions to divert our minds from playing in the water, such as gathering apples for night cutting, the corn to plow, hoeing and weeding, harvesting, hay making, wool to pick, flax to work with and many other things to keep us out of the water.

To our up-and-down mill we added a grist, or chopping mill, and later a flouring mill. We were now prepared to make wheat flour, rye flour, buckwheat flour, bolted meal, chop and hominy for our patrons. We ran this up-and-down mill constantly in the winter and spring, often to a late hour at night, and frequently all night by pine light. We had another up-and-down mill two miles from home on Dry Run, in the middle of a two-hundred acre tract of No. 1 pine timber. We could run this mill only in wet seasons, and then often kept it going day and night. I sometimes ran this mill all night by myself. Being so constantly on these up-and-down mills, in fact, I was partly raised on the old up-and-down mill, I

finally got to going up-and-down at such a rate that I was never able to stop, and that is why I am still bobbing up-and-down to this day.

Now I am going back to bring up the other side and try to give an idea of how we lived when I was young. We were not so bad after all, but we had a deal of a sight of mischief concealed in our coat sleeves or pants' legs, or maybe both were full. I know it leaked out sometimes from somewhere. I always thought I only had what I caught from others and carried in my clothes.

When we arrived here we had a heavy crop of apples. You know the old-fashioned good mother would not let a bushel of apple go to waste if she could save them. We gathered in the best, to be cut at night and dried, and then washed the inferior apples, and stomped them with malls in a trough, which was dug out of a log, until thoroughly mashed. We then put the mash in a crib upon a platform, under a heavy beam, one end of which was mortised in a tree, the other end worked up and down by a lever and pins as a log-lifter.

With these crude appliances we made cider for enough kettles of apple butter to last for two years, for fear we would not have apples the next year. Then we made cider for vinegar of all the apples not used for other purposes. One summer we had so many apples we took a load down to a still and got about a half a barrel of good brandy, which was used only for medicinal purposes. I think we had that brandy

when the war began. I was in the army when the sale was made therefore I do not remember.

Mother used much strategy to get the apples cut and to keep us awake. She told many stories. If we were very stupid, she told witch stories. We had a dry kiln, with a flue covered with iron plates and a chimney and could dry the apples, rain or shine, nicely and quickly.

(*I want to call the reader's attention here and ask him to think: Remember we were producing almost our entire living right on the farm without going off for anything. We did not raise coffee and sugar, yet there were substitutes, even for coffee and sugar. All kinds of grain and cloth, and clothing, from head to foot, were produced right from the soil on the farm and manufactured right at home, not shoddy and cheap, but good, substantial, nice and respectable goods. How did we do it?*)

At the proper season, we prepared a piece of ground for flax and sowed it. When in bloom it was beautiful to look over, being solid blue. When ripe, we pulled it, tied it in little bundles, shocked it up and when dry, beat the seed off. We then spread it on the ground in swathes (like wheat spread with a cradle) until well-rotted and black; then gathered it and broke it on a flax brake made of large, wooden blades, by holding a handful in the left hand in the brake and working the brake head with the right hand—up and down—chopping the wooden blades together until the stalk was broken into bits. We used only the bark or lint. Then it was ready for the scutcher. This was done

by having an upright (a board) either fastened on a block or driven in the ground, at a height that would permit one to stand erect and grasp a handful in the middle, holding it on the board. Then with an oak paddle, eighteen or twenty inches long with both edges nicely sharpened to the point (the scutcher), the flax was beaten until soft and all the beards knocked out. Next, it was hackled by being drawn through a hatchel made of about a hundred sharp, slender, needle-like teeth, four or five inches long fastened in a stout board. Now it was ready for the spinning wheel. The combings of the hackle are as the combings of a woman's hair and are called tow.

Spinning was done in late fall or winter—mostly at night by pine-fire light from the fireplace. Tallow candles furnished the only other lights we had in those days, and if you will extinguish all lights and set a lighted candle in your room, you can tell how brilliant it is. My mother usually spun the straight flax and my sisters, the tow.

I imagine I can almost hear mother's voice singing softly to the hum of the flyer, interrupted by "Get out of my light!" or "Put on a piece of pine." This flax was spun very fine or coarse, as desired, and with remarkable uniformity by the old expert spinners. Very fine sewing thread was made. This was prepared and woven into the finest linen cloth for shirts, trousers, tablecloths, towels and all kinds of linen apparel used in that day and time. The size of the flax thread is made altogether with the fingers. I could

spin tow on the little wheel and woolen rolls on the big wheel.

To make woolen cloth, we had a flock of sheep that we sheared in the spring. Wool was washed clean, dried, and everything picked out that would not wash out. The nap was opened, put in bed sheets which were pinned with thorns gathered from thorn bushes, then taken to a carding machine where it was carded into rolls. Then it was brought home and spun on the big wheel into yarn, reeled off into hanks, sometimes doubled and twisted, and prepared for all kinds of woolen cloth for men's clothing, and beautiful, striped cloth or plain linsey for women and children. I can remember yet some of the striped linsey dresses that I wore when four to six years old.

All socks and stockings were knit by our mothers and sisters, mostly at night, from the yarn spun by their own hands. Men's clothing also was cut out of the cloth woven by their hands and made up, neatly and nicely. Most families had looms and could weave. Warping bars, reels, quilting machines and swifts were used in preparing to make cloth. All this was done by our noble women in addition to helping in the field in busy times—at such tasks as corn planting, harvesting and many other things.

The last one to bed covered the fire, as we had no matches those days. If the fire happened to go out and we had no neighbors near, we sometimes took a pocket knife or a piece of steel and a flint rock, and struck fire. When the first sulphur matches came in, we had

to hold them away from our noses to keep from being knocked down.

While I was a small boy, we made a brick kiln and built a good-sized brick house. We had a good barn, lumber mill, merchandise and chopping mill, store, tan-yard, blacksmith shop, ice house and other farm buildings, such as meat house, corn house, loom house, hen house and more than three hundred acres of land in the home tract and three or four hundred in other tracts. These tracts had forests of the best timber in our section of the country. We raised good crops, but lumbering was our principal business. The water was low in summer, therefore we pushed the business in winter and spring. The two sawmills, merchandise and chopping mill, logging, and the cultivation of the farm in summer all had to be kept moving. So you will see we did not have too much time for sporting on the creek.

I was put to work in the mill as a helper, when about eight to ten years of age, and if we let the mill stand idle just a few minutes, father would want to know the reason why.

On our up-and-down mills we set the front end with an iron crowbar, holding a little wooden gauge against the saw with one hand and moving the log over with the bar in the other hand, until it was exactly the gauge, then driving in the sheer to hold it. This went astride of the saw. The other end of the log rested on a slider which was moved with a small handspike, first driving in a needle against the post and moving it until the gauge fitted in. Then we

pulled the gate and turned on the water. The rear end was fastened with a wooden key. All this and more had to be done every time. A pin in the carriage beam would throw the gate when the saw got to the end of the log. This seems to be a very slow process, yet we cut several thousand dollars' worth of lumber each winter. After taking the saw timber off the land, we cut all the sound wood left into cordwood and burned it instead of coal for the furnace which was close by, then at a suitable time set the remainder afire. The fire sometimes blazed as high as the trees, cleaning up this land and adding it to the farm, ten to fifteen acres at a time.

We had ten to twelve head of horses and colts, a goodly number of cows and cattle and hogs. One year we butchered fifty-two hogs, the largest of which weighed 635 pounds net. We had one extra-good team of four horses and a knock-about team. The best team was well harnessed and equipped. The leaders had twelve-inch back bands and everything in proportion, with double-link homemade traces and chains, so close and tight that one could hold them out like a whip. The wheel horses had six-inch breeching, with the other parts of the harness in proportion—tight double-link traces and a large, ornamented iron wagon, painted beautifully and striped, with bed so high that one could walk straight under the bows; two good sheets to make it dry inside in all kinds of weather; a side box for curry comb and brush, axe and Jack-screw, inside a tar bucket dangling on the coupling pole behind. A feed trough was hung against the hind

UP AND DOWN SAWMILL
from which
THE TITLE OF THE BOOK DERIVES
(PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE)

EXTERIOR OF AN EARLY GRIST MILL.
(PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE)

gate, with a half-bushel cedar bucket tied in the trough, and a provision box with division box fitted for half-moon pies, coffee and sugar bags. The latter we always had refilled gratis by the merchant who bought the load.

When I was about fourteen, I began to feel very mannish and begged my father to let me drive this team. When he consented, I felt considerably bigger than President Taft or any other that ever occupied the President's chair. All the horses were large, fat and sleek. When told to fix, feed and load to go to market, to say that I was proud does not express it at all. If no trouble occurred, it required four days to go to Gordonsville, four to Orange Courthouse, six to Winchester and eight to Fredericksburg. We always fixed feed enough for the trip. Once I was told to get ready to go to Winchester. I went to cutting feed on one of these old up-and-down feed cutters in such glee that I caught my thumbnail on the box and tore it off, back to the roots; but I wrapped a little rag around it and went on. Handling the heavy harness almost made me squeal sometimes. The thing I feared most on these long trips when I was so young, was a sick horse. I had a large saddle horse that often was ailing and I would stick something in his mouth until he quit grunting. I thought sometimes he quit to get rid of the nuisance.

On my way to Fredericksburg with father one time in August, I nearly froze; at least I thought I was as near to freezing as I ever was in my life. It was down in the Spottsylvania Wilderness, a day's drive this side

of the city, on that detestable, old, plank road. It was raining a little when we got up and I fed and harnessed while father got breakfast under the end of the wagon. We ate hurriedly and I hooked up while he washed and put the things away. We pulled out in one of the worst Northeastern summer storms I ever was in. The rain came down in sheets, and being on the plank road (which was too narrow to allow me to walk by the side of the horse and keep out of the loose clay mud), I had to sit in the saddle all the time. The road was graded like a railroad and required watching to keep on it. I was soaked to the skin, although I had on a light overcoat. My fingers shrank to about half their size and I was chilled to the marrow of my bones. I was saved, however, when it stopped raining about four o'clock and the sun came out. Father being in the wagon and dry, did not know how near I was to being frozen and I was too independent to tell him.

Another time I was coming home from Winchester with a very heavy load of goods (7,300 pounds) and feed. About three-quarters of a mile from the top of Newmarket Gap, the most angry-looking cloud I ever saw was rapidly approaching. I was only a young boy and had a still younger boy with me, but I quickly took in the situation and stopped where the trees could not reach us, dropped the traces of the wheel horses so they could turn their heads around and quickly examined the sheets to see that they were all tied. I hardly had time to do anything before the storm was upon us with such force it threshed the trees down around us, almost reaching the horses, tearing both

sheets in two. The thunder was terrific, the worst I ever heard. We two boys stood on opposite sides, so badly frightened we did not speak while the storm lasted, but ready to spring if it turned the wagon over. The heavy load and our leaning a little to the storm saved the wagon from being overturned.

The storm lasted long—I thought an hour—but I was so frightened I could not tell exactly. In some places one-fourth of the trees were broken down or torn out by the roots. The wind lifted the White house three-span bridge from the piers and turned it over in the river with a team of horses on it. Rain continued to fall to a late hour of night, but as soon as the storm ceased we hooked up and started for the top, for it was nearly dark and there was no place to stay. At the top we unhooked and fed the horses and went in the house to warm for we were soaked to the skin and cold, but as soon as the old man of the house came in, he brutally drove us out. Then we made a fire under the wagon, with some wood we had gathered, for it was still raining, and dried ourselves as best we could. About midnight we made a pallet under the wagon and slept as boys usually sleep, and arose next morning as gaily as ever, with the sun shining bright. On reaching the foot of the mountain we met the other team father had sent to take off some of the load, because the whole would have been too much for the hilly road up through Page. We would have crossed ahead of the storm and have been under protection of the mountain, had it not been for one wheel giving way so that I had the tire cut two different times.

Another time (this was after the war) I made a trip to Staunton, in company with two other teams, for the first stock of goods of Milnes & Houck. I started Tuesday after dinner and got as far as the Argenbright place, five or six miles above Elkton, and camped. Here I split some saplings and made bows and put them on, and before I had the sheet on, it commenced raining and rained all night. We faced the storm all next day and camped about five miles from town; then through another day of storm to town. While loading, a black cloud formed in the North and by the time we left town, it had turned into a regular Northeastern storm and was coming again in our faces. We camped about five miles below town on the pike. It was still raining hard next day and we faced the storm all day and camped in the Courtyard at Harrisonburg with the rain still pouring. Next day, Saturday, as we neared McGaheysville the rain stopped and the sun came out, to the joy and pleasure of all. At Millers, the river was booming and no bridge. The only chance was to go down to the furnace dam where there was a ferry-boat. With all the rain, this back road was terrible. We camped again on the Kirtly Farm. Next evening we reached the dam and by this time the river had fallen a good deal, but was still full. We got in the boat and "pulled for the other shore," as the song goes, with poles, for there was no rope or cable. In two trips we got two teams over and all the goods—one man being afraid to cross. It was just above the dam and dangerous on that tide, but in all this time I had

learned to be an expert boatman and that accounts for our getting over.

We delivered our goods at Shenandoah and reached home that evening, five and one-half days after starting, with four nights and three and one-half days' rain. I had my youngest brother, Luther, along on his first trip. He was nine or ten years old. He just had room to crawl in under the bows and there he had to stay all the time.

I drove this big team up to the times of the war and took so much pride in it that I became an expert wagoner and thought I could drive anywhere anyone else could, and take about as good care of my team as the next one. I had one fault that I was often scolded for, and that was I loaded too heavy. I often hauled 2,000 feet of lumber, and sometimes more, to the river where we loaded it on boats and took it down to Charlestown, Harper's Ferry and other places. Often I brought in the biggest loads of logs I ever saw on a wagon in this part of the country. I worked hard, for it was always my delight to do all I could. Sometimes I had all the horses and colts to feed and attend to and it made me hustle to feed, curry and harness in time for breakfast. I took time to do my work well. I kept my horses shod, repaired my wagon when it broke down, and was a tinker at many things. So you can see I was busy.

We had a gentle old cow that worried me not a little, and consumed more of my time than I had to spare. Father bought her at the sale of the famous Runkle family. The members of this family weighed

from two to five hundred pounds each. There were two boys and three girls. They were taken around a while in a show. Well, we called this cow the Runkle cow and she had a habit of lying down right at the door. I had to go in and out and she was so poking and slow to get up and out of the way, that I jumped astride of her one morning in a great hurry. It frightened the old cow half to death, and she started in a lope when she got on her knees. We went down through the barnyard—I back against her hip bones and not a blessed thing to hold to, both the cow and rider now scared beyond our wits, neither knowing just what to do for the best. I couldn't stay on and didn't know how in the world to get off. I always prided myself on riding wild colts, but I had a little mane to hold to. I was willing now to play quits, if only the old cow would let me down easy. I never did know the old cow's thoughts. She was making straight for the mill race, when all of a sudden she made an angle to the left without giving notice I wouldn't stay with her any longer, but kept on straight ahead. I fell sprawling but quickly jumped up, brushed off as I hurried along, peeping sheepishly from under my hat to see if anybody saw this ten-cent monkey show.

Well, I stayed with her as long as she went my way and made good time, as I was going forward by the time I got on my knees. I never tried to ride an old cow bareback from that day to this, but I do not recall her ever lying before the door again. This was one of the up-and-down times with me, for every lope

the old cow made, I went up—and high at that—and down until I came to the ground. I was going to say on all fours, but I can't vouch for that, for it was all done in such an outlandish hurry I did not have time to take notes. I know the old cow was glad it was all over, but I doubt if she was as glad as I was.

I was generally pretty busy, but still mischief would crop out occasionally in various ways. I remember one day we butchered some large hogs. We, for I was not alone, blew up a large hog bladder with a few grains of corn in it, and of course tied it to the dog's tail. Well, it was just so funny to *us* to see him running and yelping for dear life to the barn, where he crept into a hole in the straw and stayed there until we took him out.

My uncle, who lived just across the creek on the Rockingham side, had two sons; one about the age of my brother and the other about my age. This made a strong four-horse team and what one could not think of, the other did. But I don't think we ever did anything that could be called really mean—only mischievous. The most harm was to ourselves, to our clothes and our mothers who had to keep them in order.

We were in the creek whenever we had a chance and became good swimmers. We loved to get in when the creek was high and swim down the rapid, rolling stream. I love it yet. When brother David and myself ran the old up-and-down mill some mornings in the spring when the water was flush, there would be a half-bushel or more of nice fish, just below the mill.

The temptation was too great. We would shut down tight and get in the water which was only about ankle deep, and what a time we would have for a few minutes. We generally got about a peck of fish, some of the largest being ten, twelve and fifteen inches long. This we did often in the spring of the year.

We dared not let the mill stand long, for two reasons. First, the water would overflow; second, father would overflow. Sometimes he paid us by the hundred for night sawing. One time he promised a nice suit of store clothes—something we had never worn—if we would be industrious and keep the mill going. Well, when the sawing season was over, he went down to Harper's Ferry and settled with the Government, put the money in a shot bag, all gold—from one dollar to twenty dollars denomination—nearly half a bag full. Then one Saturday we went to the store where the tailor met us and took our measurements. He used the finest satin lining that could be had. When my suit was finished and I put it on, I didn't know which way to look or how to walk or what to say. I really think it was the nicest suit I ever wore. Father always gave us what he promised—even to a "licking."

I had considerable experience in boating down the river and made a good many trips. We could take on one boat from six to ten thousand feet of lumber—according to the tide and the weight of the lumber. With good tide and good luck, as it is called, we could run down in three to four days. On low water it took longer and it required a day or a day and a half to come home. Sometimes we would raft heavy lumber. I never boated

for anybody but ourselves, although I dearly loved the business. Some of the boatmen were rough people, but not all.

Two men were required to a boat; one to run and the other to hold the stern. Sometimes we would double at extremely bad places where there was great danger of breaking and sinking, by tying some boats to the bank and three or four men getting on each boat and then walking back and forth, bringing the others through. Sometimes the boats would break and sink in spite of all that could be done.

I was going down one time with three big loads. The river was good. I had ten thousand feet on my boat. As we were crossing a little navigation dam, a rock somehow caught the side of the boat and took a bottom plank off, five feet long. I was close to the bank and saw at a glance the boat was going down. I pulled to the shore, ground hard against the bank and stopped just in time to save going over a rough set of falls. By this time, the boat was filled with water. We had to unload every plank, wheel the boat around, draw it out on the bank where the broken place could be reached, bale all the water out, prize it up, put on another plank, calk it, reload and run down to the others that evening, by a little after dark. Our boats were 72 and 78 feet long, 9½ feet wide.

The best of the story, I have not yet told. A very large spotted sucker (stone-toter, I called it) came in through the hole. This fish made a good meal for the six of us.

Now some would condemn me for playing and sport-

ing in and on the water, but I have found it helped me out of a great many hard places, for it seems my lot was cast in and among streams, where, had I not been an expert in the water, I would no doubt have drowned.

CHAPTER II

# Bull Run,—"*and the Yanks Run, Too*'

THIS brings me to some of the ups-and-downs of the Civil War, if it can be called civil. I did not think it came under that head all the time; for instance, the burning of houses, barns, mills and all kinds of grain brought suffering, devastation and starvation to innocent women and children and old and helpless people, and there were many other instances of downright heathenism. However, the cruel barbarism and butchery was done by one man, as it were, and by the loss of one man we lost our independence. This was a real up-and-down business, for it was up and down this valley and the Eastern valley throughout the entire four years of contention.

While the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry on October 26, 1859, was not inaugurated or authorized by the Federal Administration, yet a large number of the black abolitionists of the Northern states were in sympathy and wished for the movement to succeed, even through to the Gulf of Mexico. This raid was really the first effort by force of arms against State Rights and the Emancipation of Slaves. This sympathy was demonstrated by the fact that it was *absolutely necessary* for our Governor, Henry A. Wise, to order and maintain there an armed, military force of about 10,000 soldiers to protect and execute those lawless and blood-thirsty villians who were prompted by the

sentiments and preachings of their black-hearted comrades.

January 31, 1861, I bloomed into independent manhood—in the flower and pride of life, at that age which should be devoted to the laying of the foundation of the tower of future success, pleasure and happiness. Yes, and I might say the time to look for, select and procure a mate—a life companion with whom to journey along down the stream of life, joined as one in the pleasures, sorrows and bereavements that lie in wait for all, sooner or later in life. But, alas! Destiny ruled otherwise. I was robbed, in part at least, of four long years of the blooming manhood of life. *Yet the justice of the cause, and the injustice practiced and forced upon us by heartless falsehoods and the tyrannical charges of an unscrupulous people, leave no regrets.*

It was on the 17th of June, 1861, that I left my comfortable home and the loving smiles of father, mother, sisters and brothers to go to the front, to stand between them and the instruments that belched forth missiles of death and destruction to our ranks. Though the first call was made in April, there were no important engagements until later. I have always thought the shield of a true and devoted mother's prayers was all that saved me from a soldier's grave, from the destruction hurled by those deadly missiles. Who can estimate the value of a true, devoted, Christian mother to her children? She is priceless and far beyond computation; never thinking anything too much to do for them, nor any sacrifice too great.

About eighteen of us went out together as recruits for Company 1, 10th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Colonel Sim Gibbons; Lieutenant-Colonel Warren; Major Walker; Kirby Smith, General in Command of Brigade, and General Joe Johnson, Chief Commander. Covington was Captain the first year but was absent often on account of ill-health or the fear of bullets. We joined our regiment a little west of Winchester on its return from a flying trip to Romney, about the 23rd or 24th of June, 1861. The ranks were very much reduced by sickness—mostly measles and mumps. It looked as though every vacant house in Winchester was filled with these patients.

We spent some time below Winchester drilling and maneuvering, as this was a time of active hostilities. We were face-to-face with a large army under Patterson, often drawn up in line of battle and looking for the music to begin hourly. While we were lying around we lived on flapjacks, hard enough when cold to knock a Yank down at short range. About this time Colonel T. Jackson, with three hundred and eighty men, had a lively tilt at Falling Water, capturing forty-five prisoners. Maneuvering near Darksville and often lying in line, we wallowed down some beautiful fields of golden-yellow wheat, while the sun's brilliant rays were almost hot enough to bake bread.

Along about this time (July), a good many militia were summoned to Winchester. Beauregard was being hard-pressed by the noble army under McDowell who was at Centerville. Joe Johnson on the 19th easily

eluded Patterson by placing the raw militia in our stead and starting us on the famous march to Manassas. After getting strung out along the pike we were halted and fronted, and the order read to each regiment that we were on a forced march to reinforce Beauregard at Manassas Junction. We evaded the Shenandoah River and pressed onward as rapidly as possible until we came to Piedmont on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, where we were put on trains after some delay caused by a collision. It was a very hot day and when we arrived at Manassas, we were nearly famished for water. I took a half-dozen canteens and went to several springs so crowded that I failed to get water, then hurried on back to find the Brigade gone.

When we got off the train we lined up and stacked arms until all was in readiness. I thought I could get a little water to quench our thirst, but alas—no water and a four- or five-mile race in dust, shoe deep, to save the day, for our men were being beaten back. The Brigade gone, I had to run and run and run, with the canteens jangling about me, and when I overtook them they were double-quicking as rapidly as the men could stand, with such a cloud of dust that one could hardly see the men or tell what their clothing was made of. Running with baggage and equipment, men must breathe through the mouth, so you can guess their throats were parched with dust and they were almost dying from thirst. All this time the muskets were roaring and the cannon was booming and the shells exploding in all directions, and the wounded were coming to the rear—some completely whipped, saying

"Oh, you will all be killed." Others looked as though they were just out of a butcher pen; they would cry "Hurrah, Boys! Go and give it to them! I am all shot to pieces or I would be with you."

About this time we came across some warm, standing water which refreshed and partly relieved our parched throats. Now we were in line on the left and they were forcing our men back in confusion and disorder. General Barnard Bee called on his men to rally —"Jackson is here, as firm as a stone wall," and only a few minutes later he fell dead.

Five companies of our regiment were taken to support a battery which was badly cut to pieces, many being killed or wounded. We marched on the extreme flank, our Brigade battery still to our left and playing on them beautifully. After firing a few rounds we charged, their lines began to waver and then they broke and ran. We were in close pursuit and pressed them on across the Stone Bridge (Bull Run) and the Yanks ran, too, in a wild panic and went pell-mell—an uncontrollable mob—falling over each other to get back to Washington. The victory was won, the Grand Army's cry of "On to Richmond" had been changed to "Off for Washington" in a great hurry. So certain were they of victory that numbers of Congressmen, fine ladies and civilians generally had driven out to witness the defeat of the Rebels and had brought all kinds of eatables—baskets of champagne and other liquors and fireworks to celebrate the glories of the Union and the downfall of Treason.

President Davis, Johnson and Beauregard passed us

on the field. We captured twenty-odd pieces of artillery, about 5,000 stands of arms and 500,000 cartridges, a garrison flag, ten stands of regimental colors, sixty-four artillery horses with their harness, twenty-six wagons, camp equipment, clothing, stoves, and everything belonging to an army. After following them some distance beyond the Stone Bridge (Bull Run and the Yanks, too), we returned to Manassas where I dropped on the ground, exhausted. 1923352

The boys got supper and called to me to get up and eat, but I did not and about this time it commenced raining. I lay on the ground all night in the rain, and next day marched in the downpour and camped in a wheatfield. We got a shock of wheat for a mattress on the wet ground. I lay on the outside and was cold all night, with a misery in my back. Next day, the 23rd, we marched to Fairfax Station. Here I suffered dreadful aches and pains in my back and head for more than a week.

My father, hearing of the battle, came at once to see who was left of the slaughter. He knew as well as I that I had typhoid fever but was powerless to do anything and returned home; a day or two after he left, orders were that all must go on drill who did not report to the doctor. By this time I was faring very badly so I hobbled to the doctor's tent nearby and was sent at once to the railroad station, which was being used as a hospital. Then I lost my reason, but have a slight recollection of being put in an ambulance and taken to a country log house, where I was as crazy as the bugs that had command of the house.

By this time, my father and brother-in-law, Carrier, came again to try to get me home. There were thousands sick by this time and many received permits to go home, for the army could not care for them, having no house room. After several days the doctor agreed to let me go, but how could I go when I had not eaten anything for so long, and had vomited until I was so reduced in flesh and strength that there was only skin and bones left; the man, all wasted away! Yet all my thoughts were of going home. Before father came I talked of going home, and once I slipped off my cot on my feet to go home. When the nurse came to put me back into bed, I hit him in the face with my fist as hard as I could, but it did not hurt much for I had no strength. I lay on a cot at the window where I could see the doctor coming and would make myself appear smart until he turned from me, sometimes almost fainting in the effort.

Father hired an old Irishman and a one-horse wagon to haul me to Gainesville, for just at this time the Board of Doctors at Manassas was sending all the sick to Culpeper and Richmond. Father also furnished a big chafftick, and they laid me in this one-horse train and started. It is useless to try to tell how sick I was, for it was a long haul. When we arrived, a bed could not be had for love or money, so I had to lie on the floor on a hard little pallet through what seemed to me an extremely long night. The morning came at last and father got a good cup of coffee. I put my lips to it and told him I could not drink that nasty stuff. He made a pallet for me in an old, dirty boxcar, on

some boxes of soap. I had not eaten anything for several weeks and when I took a little water, I soon threw it all up. All the stimulant I had was the thought of going home.

We started, made slow time and finally came to a standstill. After cutting the engine loose, running ahead and getting a supply of wood (in those days wood was used to fire the engines), we moved along moderately until we came to the foot of the mountains. We stopped again for about fifteen minutes. A beautiful young lady—seeing me prostrated—made a pretty bouquet of flowers and handed it to me, which was the best medicine I had taken and helped me wonderfully on my way home. I kept them until they dried up and fell to pieces and I often thought I would try to hunt up that lady.

After a long and tiresome trip we arrived at Mt. Jackson, where we lodged for the night. Here father had left our two-horse carriage. By laying a couple of boards from the back seat to the front and placing a feather-tick on the boards, doubled so as to give room on each seat for one, we started out tolerably comfortable. But just think of it! A thirty-mile trip on this two-horse train and not so much as a little water in my stomach and the greater part of the road hilly and rough. But mother was at the other end of it and that stimulated me, for I had not seen her since I entered the army. We jogged along, every hour making the distance a little shorter until the old "home, sweet home" hove in sight.

As the sound of the horses' feet sounded on the

bridge across the old mill race and brought the family out, there was the grand picture that I had imagined; that kept life in my poor, skeleton frame, and I now realized that I was at last in the arms of *Mother* and really was at home. This richly paid me for my long endurance and I *never* appreciated *home and loved ones more*. A good bed awaited me and there was also the family doctor, who attended me several weeks. After I could begin to take a little food, I tried the patience and tender chords of a mother's love and affection by begging piteously for something more to eat, and I really did tease her to give me a little more than was for my good. After I began to be apparently out of danger, I wanted some green apples, but mother would not let me have any.

One day, they were all down in the basement, very busy. I slipped on my trousers and shoes and out into the orchard I went. It was close to the house and in a cornfield that hid me from all view. I knew where the good apples were and did not tarry long. I ate one or two and hurried in. I hid several big, yellow apples, slipped off my shoes and trousers and quietly got into bed and looked as innocent as a lamb when they came up. I did not feel so well for a day or so, but no serious trouble resulted. After they allowed me to go down to the table, I ate until I was in misery and was still hungry. This sickness was a pretty close call, but my work was not done yet.

CHAPTER III

# The Ups and Downs of Campaigning

I STAYED at home until I was sound and well and made good use of my time with the ladies. In October, 1861, when I rejoined my command, they were camped near Centerville and picketing and drilling was the order of the day. There had not been much activity in the two armies, as the big battle and the many thousands of sick had so reduced the armies that rest and recuperation were absolutely necessary. The Federals had learned that it was not as they first thought—a ninety-day frolic—and that they must come with power and force to accomplish anything. The outposts, cavalry and reconnoitering parties scrapped occasionally.

There was a big peach orchard down about Falls Church between the two picket lines that caused many little scraps, as both parties were fond of good peaches. It was a long way down on the picket line, therefore the regiment would stay a week at a time. On one of these picket trips my cousin and chum, George W. Huffman, died of fever in a hospital near Manassas. He was a noble, quiet fellow and a good soldier. On one of these picket expeditions, one bad, snowy night, four or five of us were out on a post, seemingly away from everybody. There was no danger of the enemy and, we thought, not much danger of the officer of the guard. So we decided to take the serious risk of all lying down in a row and drawing the blankets over our heads and ears and letting the post take care of

itself. We slept soundly until morning, when we threw back the snow-covered blankets and jumped up, one man with gun and equipment taking post while all tried to look innocent. But if the officer had made his rounds and caught us napping it would have been a very serious matter. It was the only time I ever did anything like this.

Picketing and drilling continued on toward the last of December. Father and Uncle Isaac Huffman came down to camp with a box of good things from each family of Naked Creek that had a son in the company. Pudding, sausage, backbones, ribs, chickens, turkeys and many other things they brought. While they were in camp, we moved and built winter quarters near Bull Run and the railroad, and three miles north of Manassas. Our mess built a commodious house of small logs, with chimney and fireplace and a bunk large enough for all by laying crosswise. We had pine brush for mattresses, a flat tin roof, and we made some chairs with backs to them. It was in the army that I learned to be a first-class chimney builder. I built our own and three or four others every winter.

About a mile and a half from us were some houses being rapidly torn to pieces, so we concluded it would divide up the wrong by loosening one side of the roof, rolling it up in a big roll and running a long pole through it to enable us to carry it more easily to spread on our house. I believe the house was made for it. It seemed to be, for we got the roofing first, as is often done, you know. This made us a fine mansion with a tin roof just high enough to clear

the head of a tall man. It made us really comfortable, except when we had to take a week off for picketing. During winter and spring, earth-works and fortifications were built around and about this section in all directions. Outside of this, there were not many things of interest except an occasional clash of reconnoitering parties and sometimes a little cannonading in different directions.

After delivering their presents, Uncle Isaac and father stayed in camp about a week, and during that time we moved and built our winter quarters. When they left camp, they feared they were a little late and walked fast to Manassas—about three miles—with heavy overcoats, and since the evening was warm it caused them to perspire freely. In the cars there was no fire and the night was cold. Father took a very deep cold and could not speak above a whisper when he got home. When I parted with him at the junction, I bade him "good-bye" forever, as he contracted typhoid-pneumonia and died on the 19th of January, 1862. For two weeks letters begged me to come home, as father wanted to see me once more. I tried every way to get off, but all my efforts were in vain. The cars were too closely guarded. Some of the captains were giving permits to two at a time to go on a four-day furlough, but my captain would not do anything for me. I went to the Provost and tried to get a pass as a citizen but he would not give it unless the captain signed it. I even offered the captain a substitute, as a visitor offered to serve in my place. This was one of the perplexing, trying times; all quiet and in winter

quarters and yet I could not get off to see him buried. I thought I would make one more effort. I got the youngest man in our company to dress in citizen's clothes—you know we were uniformed the first year,—and went to Manassas to the Provost. I stayed in the background, but he refused to give the pass unless someone would identify him. I was boiling over, fighting mad, and this was one of the times that the rage of passion helped me out, for when he asked if I had not been there the day before, I told him "No" (a little black lie) in a fighting rage and he wrote the pass which I took and ran—and just in the nick of time—for the train.

The train reached Mt. Jackson about twelve at night. I went from there to Newmarket on the stage and about two o'clock struck out to walk twenty-three miles across the mountains and hills in the black of night, arriving at home about eight in the morning, not knowing father was dead until I nearly got home. The burying took place about two hours after I arrived. If it had been in a time of active hostilities, I would not have expected any favors, but I really thought hard of Captain Covington. I stayed at home about a week until a preacher could be procured to preach the funeral, after which I returned to camp and was greeted very pleasantly by all. I don't know whether I was reported present or absent and did not care.

There was nothing of any importance until the latter part of March, or the 1st of April, 1862.

CHAPTER IV

# My Second Year of Warfare

To my surprise, we broke camp and commenced drawing off from our strong fortifications, gradually falling back until we came to the south bank of the Rappahannock, where we took our position with almost continual fighting on the outposts. Here we stubbornly resisted the enemy's advance. The cause of our falling back was a large army under McDowell in three columns that were marching up the valley in our rear. One under Shields was coming up Page Valley, one under Banks was coming up the Shenandoah Valley and one under Milroy was coming in on Staunton over the Parkersburg road. General Jackson, with his small force of about 5,000 was contending with all these armies which aggregated about 45,000. After fighting them, at or near Kernstown—where, by overwhelming numbers he received his only defeat, he withdrew up the valley and went into camp at Elk Run Church, east of Rockingham. Though defeated in the fight, he succeeded in his purpose and delayed Shields from reinforcing the main Union army on the eastern side, headed for Richmond.

On the 17th of April, 1862, our regiment was ordered to report to Jackson. We camped on Roberson River the first night. All next day it rained. We camped in Standardsville, next, and did not march until two o'clock, then camped on top of Swift Run Gap. On the 21st it rained all day and we camped at

the old, brick hotel at the foot of the mountain. At Standardsville it was rumored that Jackson was coming across. Myself, John Price and Jeff Smith wanted to see our people before leaving them to the mercy of the Yankees. So we struck out to cross the mountain and when we got to the old Haney Hotel, we struck straight across a near way.

On the mountain the mist of rain and fog was so dense we could not see which way to go. We became bewildered and came back down over great cliffs and rocks on the same side we went up. All the while we were thinking we were going down towards home, until we came to Joel Meadows', at least two miles from the top. By this time we were soaked to the skin and the rain was coming down copiously. After telling our story and asking for a guide to the top, it was decided it was too late to cross that evening. We were invited to spend the night. Present were three nice, young ladies, all grown and good-looking, and the temptation was too great to be resisted by young men who rarely got to speak to ladies. To say we fared sumptuously and had a good time until a very late hour does not express it at all. Next morning after a nice breakfast, we gave them a very affectionate good-bye and started without guide, for we were still addled.

Arriving on top, the mist cleared from our minds and we went joyfully along, talking of the merry company and the delightful evening, when suddenly, within two miles of home, we ran into some outposts of pickets. They had been there only a few minutes, to keep the men from straggling. We had no thought

of their holding us or we would have broken and run through the woods. We told our purpose and expected them to let us go on; they said the Lieutenant would, but they could not. So we went from one officer to another until we got to Jackson's headquarters. From there we were sent back up to the Mountain Hotel where the regiment had just arrived a few minutes before. It was still raining, for this was one of the wet seasons. To get a dry place, old Aunt Polly Bridges let us go into her kitchen loft where she had her bacon, and locked the door.*

Now if you don't call this hard luck, what in the wide world would you call it? This was my first and only experience under guard, until my gloomy days of prison life. Next morning we marched with the regiment to camp at Elk Run Church, and when night came we struck out for home once more, but took care not to run into the arms of outpost pickets again. We went home a couple of times while we were here.

Jackson's army was reorganized and new officers elected while in camp here and the 10th, our regiment, was put in the Third Brigade, commanded by General Taliaferro, where it remained during the rest of the war. We broke camp on the 28th of April and started toward Port Republic, in the deepest mud of the war, the wagon trains going in front. Sometimes we had to use our guns to pull out of some deep places. We camped on the road in the mud.

On April 29, 1862, we camped near Port Republic

* Note: Aunt Polly appreciated the seriousness of desertion, even temporarily, whether her young callers did or not.

and on the 30th we crossed the mountain at Brown's Gap. Many dead horses that had succumbed to the deep mud and the hard pulling were strewn along the road. On the 2nd of May we marched to Mechim's and took train for Staunton. We were packed in box cars, like sardines are packed, only we were standing. We camped a little west of Staunton.

When our wagon trains came up on the 6th we started for Buffalo Gap. When we left Elk Run Camp, General Ewell came somewhere within striking distance to keep an eye on Banks while we went out to thrash Milroy. On the 7th we drove back two advance regiments on the west side of North Mountain. On the 8th we had a severe fight on top of McDowell Mountain, in which we lost our noble Colonel, Sim Gibbons, and about twenty of the regiment. A great many of the enemy were killed and wounded. Some left in their hurry to get away. Milroy retreated in the night toward Franklin, firing the mountains on each side to prevent being flanked and bagged. The smoke was so thick we could hardly breathe or see anything. We pressed them to Franklin on the 9th, 10th and 11th, and had sharp shooting all the time. On May 12th we were on the front, had sharp fighting all day and drew off in the evening, taking the back track. On the 13th we camped near McDowell. On the 14th we camped on the east side of the mountains, on the 16th near Augusta Springs, on the 18th near Bridgewater, on the 19th three miles below Harrisonburg and on the 20th we camped near Newmarket.

Now when Jackson drove Milroy back to Franklin,

Banks became scared and retreated down to Strasburg and built strong fortifications and was ready, watching and waiting. But Jackson whipped across the mountain and camped near Luray on the 22nd, when Ewell joined him, swelling his force to 14,000 or 15,000. Before this, his force did not exceed 6,000—possibly not more than 5,000. We hurried on to Front Royal, or Riverton, where we picked up the first Baltimore Regiment of Federals and pushed on rapidly, striking Banks in the rear, cutting his army in two and capturing prisoners, arms, munitions, wagon trains, stores, commissaries and everything that belonged to an army. His army, men, arms, wagons and equipment were strewn from Strasburg to the Potomac.

They made a stand on a high hill this side of Winchester to cover the retreat of their remnant train. We filed up the hollow at the stone mill. When far enough up, we fronted fixed bayonets. All this time the cannon shots almost took our hats off as we marched; when all was ready the order was given to charge. We took them off the hill and on down and through the streets of Winchester as hard as we could run and under the greatest excitement I saw during the war—the soldiers yelling, the city people, men, women and children, yelling—some carrying water to the men who did not take time to drink but continued the chase. We advanced, firing as we ran, until the physical man was so weakened it was impossible to go farther and we camped below Winchester the 26th, 27th and 28th for a little rest.

On May 29, 1862, we camped below Charlestown,

cannonading at Harper's Ferry. On the 30th, as we were about to make a general attack on the place, a dispatch brought word that Shields, who had gone to join McClellan, was on his way to Front Royal and Frèmont was marching on Strasburg from the west. You see, they began to fear for Washington, and as McClellan was so near Richmond with his strong lines of fortification and nobly-equipped army, the idea was to keep these three armies, which now numbered about 60,000 (since Frèmont came into the ring), from joining McClellan. So now we had to hustle back to keep from being cut off. It was thirty-two miles back to Winchester and we camped near the city. After this, a long tramp upon the wet ground and during the night the rain literally poured down—so much that water ran along under my side, but I was too tired to get up and did not know of a drier place, so I lay still and slept in the water. Next night we camped near Strasburg.

Next day, June 1, 1862, we pressed the advance of Shields on the east and Frèmont on the west, as you hold a sack to pour grain in, until all our large trains now supplied from Banks, prisoners and sick had safely passed through. Then we drew off. Our Brigade was on the west and we had sharp fighting all day, and being the last to draw off, we had to march all night, getting to Woodstock about daylight. The bridges over the Shenandoah River had been destroyed to keep the enemy separated so that we could handle them better. The reader will bear in mind this was one of the

rainy times and the river was booming, so it was very difficult to cross without a bridge.

On June 2nd, we marched to Rood's Hill with the Yanks in hot pursuit and continually fighting with our rear guard. On the 3rd we camped near Newmarket, on the 4th at Lacey Spring, and on the 5th east of Harrisonburg—in the direction of Port. General Ashby had been worried for some time by a Yankee Colonel and asked for two regiments of infantry to capture him. He concealed the regiments and drew the Yanks on and at the opportune time led the men into the fight, capturing the Yankee Colonel and a great many of his men, but lost his own life in the effort.

Ewell, now in the rear at Cross Keys, had a very hot and bloody battle with Frèmont, driving him from the field with a heavy loss to the Federals. On the 6th and 7th, our Brigade camped near Port Republic while Ewell engaged Frèmont. On the 8th, in some mysterious way, a detachment of Shields' men got possession of the bridge, and with a brass cannon planted at its mouth—I never did learn how—Jackson was cut off from his men. The long rolling beat and the popping of guns stimulated us to redoubling our energy and we made triple-quick time in getting over to the bridge. This was on the 10th. Jackson and his aides took in the situation and rode briskly by the cannon and its Yankee gunners, giving them command to move the cannon and not fire on our men. By this time we were at the bridge and drove them away by turning the cannon on them, and made them "get" in double-extra-fast time. While this was going on, Shields' in-

fantry was coming up at the double-quick time, about a mile distant to join the squad at the bridge, but our Brigade Battery, from their location on the heights near the bridge, attended beautifully to them and caused them to about-face and make better time going the other way.

Shields retreated down to Louisa and took a position on the hill, in the brush, where the road leaves the open land and just in the rear of his artillery was a low depression for his infantry. This made a very strong position. Early on the 9th, we went after them; our regiment in the clean, open bottom, Taylor along the foot of the hill and old Port road. Taylor charged and took the battery twice, but could not hold it on account of the concealed and shielded infantry behind it. The third time he went around in the thickets and came down on them, like a hawk on a chicken, taking five or six pieces of artillery and a lot of prisoners, small arms and many other things. The enemy was now started back in a wild, uncontrollable, panic-stricken mob, without staying long enough to fasten the lid on the pepper box. Jackson and his heroic foot cavalry had retired to camp to rest up a few days and sharpen up their appetites for McClellan's scalp. This was one of the most brilliant campaigns of history and *has written the names of its leaders among the immortals.*

In a short space of time (thirty-odd days) we had marched nearly 400 miles, skirmishing almost daily, and had fought five bloody battles—defeating three armies (two of which were completely routed), cap-

tured twenty pieces of artillery, about 4,000 prisoners, small arms, stores, wagons, and all kinds of equipment. All this had been done with a loss of fewer than 1,000 men killed, wounded or missing, and with a force of only about 15,000 all told, while the Federals had 60,000 in the three armies in opposition to us. Jackson, by his skillful generalship, kept these troops from joining McClellan and even defeated and routed them. Now when they were looking for him to attack again, he hurried on to Richmond and helped drive McClellan from the door of Richmond.

While recuperating a few days, another man and I concluded to go to see our mammas a day or so, and when we got back Jackson had struck out to Richmond. We followed on and overtook the army in Hanover. As we were walking on the old plank road one day, some cows were grazing in the field, and the fence which enclosed the field was nearly straight and made along under a five-foot bank with the sod projecting. One cow got too near the edge, the bank gave way and down came the cow, knocking over a dozen panels, with her back among the rails, her feet beating the air and her eyes turned around to die. We turned her over and she got up, not much worsted except for being badly frightened, not knowing where she came from, which way she was going, or just what she was doing last.

CHAPTER V

# The Seven Days' Battles

ON June 25, 1862, we camped about six miles from the enemy, with orders to cook three days' rations. On the 26th, we marched to the left of Richmond through swamps. There was heavy fighting on our right. At Mechanicsville we drove the enemy from their position. On the 27th, the battle raged at Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor. If you can form an idea of a hundred or more cannon and one hundred thousand or more of small arms, and sometimes thousands of men—yelling at the top of their voices—then you can begin to understand the raging terror and the roaring, lumbering noise of this big battle that was going on. Our men, having to face strong fortifications were nevertheless able to drive the Federals behind them, although the advantage of modern supplies, equipment and appliances was with the Federal army.

On the 29th, the deadly missiles were being hurled through the air like a storm of hail. This was near Savage Station. On the 30th, White Oak Swamp and the Frazier Farm were the scenes of a desperate, bloody struggle for the mastery, which was awarded to the arms of the Confederates in a decisive victory over the Federals, which forced them from every position to the cover of their gunboats on the James River. On July 9th, McClellan made a last stand at Malvern Hill to save his army, crowning the hill with his artillery which repulsed several attacks. General Lee concen-

trated his army here for the purpose of an attack next morning, which must have proved disastrous to the Federals, but McClellan wisely and skillfully retreated in the night to a strong position at Harrison's landing, under cover of his gunboats. Heavy fighting occurred at all the above-named places, for the enemy was well entrenched and strongly fortified, but they were compelled to give back at every place. For me to give a detailed account, however, is more than I can do.

The Federal Government now entertained fears of its own capitol's danger, instead of the idea of capturing Richmond. The Confederate loss in these battles was 15,765, and that of the Federals, 16,365. Lee captured 52 pieces of artillery, more than 35,000 stands of small arms, a large number of flags and immense stores of every description.

It seems unreasonable, yet one can get so hardened as to lie down and sleep during the noise of these big battles. During the day of the heaviest fighting, while shells were exploding in all directions and while we were in reserve for a few hours, I lay against a tree and slept well and was refreshed by it. The hardening processes were long and hard marching, loss of sleep and becoming accustomed to the noise enabled one to sleep in time of battle or among the dead and wounded at night.

That same evening, our Brigadier was killed and we lay on arms all night. After those desperate, pitched battles men were lying in every direction and almost in piles in places. I never saw the like. I think it was on Friday that the hardest, general fight occurred.

There was tremendous firing of cannons and muskets, the heaviest I ever heard, I thought; the yelling of men charging batteries and bringing in prisoners, while the smoke from so many guns in this low, swampy place was so heavy that one could not see very far ahead. On this day, if our left wing had come up with their line as planned and ordered, we would have captured a large part of McClellan's army, as their only way of escape was across the Chickahominy, over a military bridge built for the purpose. I think it was General Magruder who failed to bring his line up; all night we could hear the Yanks moving across. Next morning they had made good their escape across the bridge and destroyed it to delay pursuit.

July 1, 1862, the day of the Malvern Hill duel, was fearful. We lay in an oats field, in support of a battery, and I think there must have been many tons of iron hurled across that field of oats that day. Some were from the gunboats. We lay close to the ground, watching them sailing through the air like birds. There were about fifty pieces planted on this hill. Our batteries made several attacks on them with no favorable results. This was a long hill and when we ran out a battery, they crossfired and made it fearful. The many shells exploding over us made iron hail in the oats. I remember one round ball—about a four-inch ball, that came low, struck the ground in front of us, bounded over the line, striking again between our feet and the officers' heads, and with another bound went clear—not touching any one. We saw it coming. It was a yard or so to my right. Joe Monger lay in a

little gully, just large enough to lie in on his side, and the concussion of the exploding shells caused his face and side to swell almost beyond recognition. After the Federals retreated from this position it was thought best to let them alone there and draw them out on equal ground, by strategy, and this virtually ended the series of battles around Richmond.

On the 2nd, it rained. On the 3rd, we began our backward march about four miles, and cooked two days' rations. On the 4th, up early and marched up in line but there was not much doing that day. On the 5th, we were relieved by Ewell's men. We went back on the 6th, but there was nothing of importance, except the big, swamp mosquitoes. They were very energetic, making good use of every favorable opportunity of taking on a supply.

On the 7th, we moved back a little. On the 8th, we moved back to White Oak Swamp, about ten miles. Here the smell was almost unendurable and the sun so extremely hot that men fell in the ranks, exhausted or from sunstroke, and as we marched along through these swamps, the big swamp mosquitoes would stick their long bills through all our clothes, to get a last farewell taste of our blood. Their bills were as long as the tongues of jew's-harps.

On the 9th, we passed over the enemy's strong chain of fortifications and camped within six miles of Richmond. On the 10th, we passed within a mile of Richmond and camped about four miles away. July 11th, nothing doing. On the 12th, there was squad

drill and dress parade. On the 14th, drilling again and orders to cook rations.

Now after the three armies in the valley found Jackson was down at Richmond, Shields, Frémont and Commissary Banks came across into Culpeper and were consolidated into the army of Virginia, under command of General Pope and were threatening Gordonsville and needed to be looked after. On the 15th, wagon trains were ordered to Louisa Courthouse. On the 16th, we marched into Richmond and stacked arms in the Capitol Square.

CHAPTER VI

# Second Battle of Bull Run

FROM Richmond we took cars for Hanover Junction. On July 17, 1862, we took cars again for Louisa Courthouse and camped near the Courthouse. On the 19th, we marched to Gordonsville and remained in camp the 20th (Sunday). On the 21st, we marched four miles on Madison Road and camped. Pope's army was advancing. On the 22nd, we drilled and camped four miles from Gordonsville and on the 23rd, camped on Gordonsville Pike. The 24th and 25th were spent in drilling and getting ready for the fray. On the 26th, we were aroused at three o'clock and marched toward the enemy. They fell back and it is well they did, for we were not quite ready for them and all this maneuvering and moving around was for show and to gain time.

Our ranks had been much reduced by the series of battles and still more by so much sickness. On the 27th, Sunday, we had preaching. On the 28th, there was drill and orders to cook rations and be ready to march at five o'clock. We marched to Gum Spring near Gordonsville. On the 29th, fixed up camp. The 30th, 31st and 1st were spent drilling and fixing up. On August 2nd, there was more drilling. It was now clear and warm. There was a fight between outposts near Orange Courthouse and the enemy was driven back. On the 3rd, Sunday, there was preaching. Thunder showers came up in the evening. On the 4th, more

drill and on the 5th, Brigade drill. On the 6th, we left camp at five o'clock and marched to the old camp below Gordonsville. The weather was very warm. All that moving and sham show had the desired effect and held the enemy while we were recruiting and recuperating our shattered ranks to sufficient strength to cope with the army in front of us. Jackson now had about 24,000 under his command and Lee was gradually drawing off from McClellan, as he was transferring his army to Pope, in defense of Washington.

On the 8th, we were up early and crossed the Rapidan River. Prisoners were coming in every hour. Here at Cedar Mountain we were plunged into a hot and bloody fight. The enemy, choosing the ground, had the advantage in position but we drove them from their position, compelling them to bury their dead under a flag of truce. Then, pressing them on back across the Rappahannock, with daily skirmishing and fighting along the front, we continued on. The loss was heavy in this last battle, for the time it lasted. General Winder, who commanded the first Brigade, was killed. Oh, my! but the grape and canister hailed and crashed among the limbs and brush about our heads.

Recently two regiments of North Carolina conscripts had been placed in our Brigade. They had not been drilled and ran like turkeys when they got into the heat of this battle. We nearly had our Brigade captured by the gap they left in the line. Raw men can't stand that kind of music. After being well-drilled, these fellows did very well. By this time the Federals

were concentrating all available men to Pope, fearing that the Federal Capitol was in danger, while only a short time ago a grand Federal army lay around in strong entrenchments only six miles from the Confederate Capitol. McClellan's army was being concentrated in the defense of the Capitol and he was relieved of his command, because of his retreat from Richmond. General Lee had his main force here and kept up a continual demonstration, as if to cross the river, while Jackson eluded the enemy and slipped away, unperceived, on one of his famous flank movements. It was a two-and-a-half or three-day trip and so complete was the surprise, that Pope did not know of it until we struck the railroad at Manassas, between him and Washington. Previously, General Stuart, with about 1,200 cavalry rode around Pope's army, capturing Pope's headquarters, wagons, and also gathering important information.

(Here I will say that I am now writing mostly from memory and my memory fails me so that I cannot itemize each day in detail.)

We started on this trip without rations as our wagons were not up so we had to subsist on green corn, gathered as we marched along the road. We went up the Southwest side of the Rappahannock to Waterloo Crossing and on down through Thoroughfare Gap, munching at green corn, without any salt, as we hurried along. This caused a pretty lank feeling about the stomach, until Manassas loomed up before us where we drove the Yanks who were guarding it, like hungry hounds would drive a foe from a bone, and took full

possession of about a mile of cars loaded with everything good to eat and drink. After capturing prisoners, we were turned loose and helped ourselves—not to what we could get, but to what we liked best. Feasting sumptuously for several hours and stuffing our haversacks to the bursting point of every stitch in them, we marched away—leaving a detail to burn everything. I think this was on the 26th.

Now we marched slowly out near our old Bull Run fighting ground and took a position along our old, partly-guarded railroad. Here, with less than 24,000 men, we had to fight Pope on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, until about the middle of the day, before Longstreet and Lee could come to our aid. It was pretty tough to buckle up against Pope with his 70,000 men who were determined to crush us before Longstreet's men came around.

The fighting commenced on Thursday evening, August 28th. In this battle General Ewell lost a leg. This was a hard-pitched battle in which many were killed and wounded on both sides. All day Friday the battle raged; sometimes they were charging us so strongly that our lines wavered a little and we gave a little, but we quickly regained the lost ground. One charge after another was made. They were determined to crush us before reinforcements could reach us, but about noon General Longstreet began to line up, and from that time to about three, the earth trembled from the roaring of the cannons and muskets and the yells of men charging and recharging.

It was about three o'clock when Lee ordered the

whole lines forward in a grand, sweeping charge—right in the face of cannons, muskets and about 70,000 men. Their lines wavered, broke, and they fled across the stone bridge, *Bull Run, and the Yanks ran, too,* like the dickens was after them. Another great victory was won and now Pope was fleeing to Centerville Heights, where he made another stand. We quietly went to work burying our dead and many of the Federal dead and wounded were left on the field. We had many spoils to gather. Out of 70,000, it is said Pope's loss was 30,000 killed, wounded and prisoners (9,000 prisoners), 30 pieces of artillery, more than 20,000 stands, small arms, many colors, a large amount of stores besides Jackson's haul at Manassas. Lee, who had barely 50,000, lost only 7,244.

I was detailed to bury our Company's dead, John Price and George Shiflet, which I did as decently as circumstances permitted and built a rail pen around them, and helped to bury others. I was over the field and saw many of the Federal dead strewn thick. In one place, just to our left, where the fill of the railroad was not quite together by twenty yards or more, where they tried to charge through, several lay on top of others. Another portion of the field was spotted with New York Zooaves—Red Pants. It was a great slaughter on the Union side. We were protected somewhat by the railroad.

We did not tarry here, but took up the march on another flank move. Pope was reinforced by 20,000 fresh troops at Centerville. Lee marched to his left, on down to the Upperville Pike and with the Pike to

Chantilla. I was on the skirmish line that marched all the way around here between the two armies and in sight of each, the greater part of the way—about five steps apart. When we got to the Upperville Pike at the famous old stone house, we halted and I made sure the fight could be brought on here, but after a lot of maneuvering we took up the march to the Leesburg Road at Chantilla where Pope attacked us to save his wagon trains. We skirmishers simply halted and watched while the two armies formed lines. We could not see our men but watched the Federals come out, form their skirmish line and advance toward us. Then they formed lines of battle and started across the hills, hollows and brush, until their skirmish line was within 100 to 150 yards of us. Then we raised up and opened fire on them, but did not fire more than two or three rounds before a line of our men came charging by us.

Our mission was fulfilled and as the men that passed me were Louisianians, I did not care to mix with them, so I thought I would watch the battle; but my, my! it was too hot there to stand and do nothing. I ran back about twenty yards to a tree, the bullets cutting my clothes as I ran. Here I looked on as the battle ranged for a while. Night was now approaching and the electrified elements brought a heavy downpour of rain, amid peals of thunder, interspersed with cannonading and musketry.

I made another hasty retreat to the woods close by, and went in search of my regiment which I found back in reserve. I found something to eat and tried to get a little rest and sleep. This was a very ugly, pitched

battle and many were killed and wounded. Two Yankee Generals were killed and many other officers and men. Our loss was not great. The shortness of the time and the interference of rain prevented a decisive battle. Pope with his 20,000 or more fresh troops continued his march on to the strong fortifications around Washington and there, relieved of his command in September, he was sent West to fight Indians and was heard from no more.

CHAPTER VII

# Invasion of Maryland

NEXT morning we took up the march to Leesburg, passing on through to the Potomac, where we evaded the river. Our regiment was in front and Jackson at the head of the column. As the band touched the shore, they played "Maryland, My Maryland." While we were replacing our clothes, of which we had divested ourselves to ford the river, Jackson sent a man up a telegraph pole to cut the wires. After a good bath, we took up the march in the direction of Frederick City. This is a lovely part of the moral vineyard and the generous people of Frederick gave us $200,000. Although protesting at first against this donation, it came in nicely. We spent two or three days with them waiting for the Federals at Harper's Ferry to move. Noting their slowness, Jackson determined to bag the whole of them. This was about September 7th. We hurried on across the mountains to Boonesboro and camped for the night. From there we went to Williamsport, where we again forded the river, as horses do, and from there to Martinsburg and from there to Harper's Ferry, completely surrounding the place and demanding the surrender which was acceded to after a few shots were hurled among them.

The place capitulated with 11,500 men, 13,000 stands of small arms, 73 pieces of artillery and large quantities of stores and equipment of every description. After the predicament into which Pope had

gotten the Federal armies, the Washington authorities again placed McClellan in command. McClellan tried to force the mountain passes and raise the siege of Harper's Ferry before the surrender, but he could not. This was on the 15th. As soon as possible, Jackson retraced his steps to Shepardstown with only a part of his command, to join Lee, who was concentrating his army at Sharpsburg. After all this hard marching and fighting, Lee's army was reduced to a fragment of about 35,000 men to oppose McClellan's 87,000, but he bucked up against him in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. This was on September 17th, and while it was not a victory for either side, Lee advanced a part of his lines and lay waiting all day on the 18th to be attacked, while McClellan was waiting for more fresh troops. Lee, in the evening, quietly drew off across the river—comparatively unmolested. The Federal loss was 12,460; Lee's loss, 8,000.

McClellan crossed the river under protection of the heavy artillery with one corps on the 20th, at Botelers Ford, but A. P. Hill literally drove them into the river. Our fragment of a regiment was detailed at Martinsburg on Provost duty and while the big battle was going on at Sharpsburg, our regiment and all the stragglers that could be gathered were taken across the river at Williamsport to hold that ford against a flank movement, and we had sharp fighting all day. We had one large four-horse cannon, planted on the south side up on a high hill, which was in almost constant service. They fired rather down the river, directly over our heads. It was a mile and a half or

two miles, and as they were shooting shells with fuses and fire to them we could see them from the time they left the cannon's mouth, coming as straight to us as if they would strike us between the eyes, but they always passed over and we enjoyed the scene hugely. After night, as we drew off across the river, it was still more beautiful to see these shells sailing, apparently slowly, through the air. It was a sight not to be soon forgotten. Then followed a little season of rest and recuperation, much needed by both armies.

I call the reader's special attention to our ups-and-downs in a single summer's campaign. Up and down the valley and out through the mountains to Franklin, back again to Harper's Ferry, back up to Port Republic and on down to Richmond and Harrison's Landing. Back up to Richmond, Gordonsville, Culpeper, Manassas and on down to Leesburg into Maryland, Frederick City, Boonesboro, Williamsport, Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, Shephardstown, Sharpsburg and back to Virginia. Marching over 1,000 miles —a portion of the time marching in almost daily rains, in mud hub-deep, no tents to cover our heads at night, eighteen days' hard fighting besides small fights and skirmishings, often on short rations and sometimes with none at all, is it any wonder companies were reduced to 10, 15 and 20 men, regiments to 200 and 300 men and Lee's army to 35,000? All this was done in one summer and the fall work had yet to be done after only a short rest.

CHAPTER VIII

# Fredericksburg and Chancellorville

GENERAL STUART with 1,800 cavalry crossed the river above Williamsport and made the entire circuit of McClellan's army; then recrossed the river at White's Ford with his prisoners and captures. This was about the 10th of October, 1862. Some time later, McClellan, now recalled to command, crossed the Potomac and gradually moved forward and was camped in Warrenton and on the 9th of November he was again relieved of his command and Burnside took chief command. All this time the armies were recruiting and recuperating, for many were broken down, tired out and not much of interest. McClellan was the ablest general, but he was a Democrat and therefore the Federal authorities feared he would become too popular and would stand a good show for the Presidency after the war was over. So they clipped his political head in time to insure his political death and burial, nevermore to be resurrected.

Burnside changed McClellan's plans and moved on Fredericksburg, only to find Lee in his front, on November 17. On December 11, after bombarding the town with 143 guns from Stafford Heights, he crossed the river with his army of 13,000 men, 367 guns, 147 remaining on Stafford Heights, to sweep the field. Lee only resisted Burnside's crossing to gain time to concentrate his troops which were now about 78,000 men, only part of whom were actually engaged. The

result was that Burnside received a crushing defeat, both at Marye's Hill and on Jackson's front, near Hamilton's crossing. Burnside's loss was 12,653; Lee's 5,322. Burnside's subordinate Generals were so unanimous in opposing his purpose of renewing his attack, which Lee expected and eagerly awaited, that he availed himself of a dark stormy night and recrossed the river. This virtually ended the infantry campaign of 1862, but Jeb. Stuart again on December 26th, with 1,800 cavalry, led another of his famous raids to the rear of the Federal army, making large captures and circling through Fauquier and Loudun Counties, before returning to Culpeper.

Not long after this, we built winter quarters, a little way from Fredericksburg, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. The mud was so deep they could only get a quarter of a pound of meat and a pint of meal to us, per man, each day, but we grew fat as porkers on it. Here we were comfortable again, except when on picket duty, and we whiled the time joyfully away. We indulged in many little amusements during winter months. Sometimes with suitable snow we had snowball battles, and as many as a Brigade of men on a side with a commander (on a horse) would line up and some would almost get killed. It was really harder work than fighting with guns, but not quite so dangerous. We kept song books with us and passed much of our leisure time singing. I carried my book even through prison and brought it home with me.

CHAPTER IX

# Chasing Deserters

BEFORE we left our winter quarters, I was sent home on a detail, against all the protests I could make, to gather up the absentees and all others subject to military duty. I was the only one in our company that had not been home on furlough and therefore the captain sent my name, saying it would only last two or three weeks, and when it came back approved I had nothing to do but shoulder my budget and go. Lieutenant Rolston was in command. It was the most unpleasant duty of the war—taking men from their mothers, sisters and wives, amid all kinds of abuse and cursings, resistance, bushwhacking, and everything to make the duty anything but pleasant. I would much rather have stayed in the ranks and taken my chances and have borne all the hardships of the life in the ranks.

Our work extended from near Staunton to down below Strasburg and from the top of the Blue Ridge to the top of North Mountain, part of Augusta, Rockingham, Shenandoah and Page Counties. Much of it had to be done after night. Many times we traveled all night and were on the go pretty much all the time. It was really hard service and we gained many personal enemies, some of whom later resorted to private injuries, I being a victim of a loss by fire to the amount of $4,000 at one time. Some of the men were armed to the teeth, but we didn't mind that, and kept on

the lookout for all such fellows. Many of our catch were not much good, some ran away again and hid in the mountains, others deserted through the lines and turned traitors, while some were good and true soldiers. I will mention one or two of the many experiences.

This occurred in May, 1863, just above Strasburg on the river near Fisher's Hill. Mat Spangler, a Sergeant, was our leader as his company was made up here. There was a very aristocratic family in a big, fine brick house on the river bottom, the home of Major Stover, a very prominent officer of our regiment (later killed). The man we caught had married Stover's sister, a beautiful woman, and they were still at Stover's home—married a short while. Spangler did not like this man, Funk, for anything. We went there and arrested Funk and took him up to our temporary headquarters in a little church. It was very warm, we were very tired from hard-going and loss of sleep, and I was left on guard while the others were stretched out on the seats, sleeping sweetly. I was sitting in one of the seats and the next thing I knew, I had been asleep and Funk had gone without saying good-bye to anybody. Spangler railed on me and I could not say a word.

A day or two later we went away around in the hills, back of and below Strasburg, and were gone all night, getting back about 8 o'clock in the morning (Sunday) with several fellows we had taken. Spangler stopped at home as we came through town. I still felt very sore over my mishap and told the boys I would

walk on and see if I could see anything of Funk. They laughed at me. I went slyly toward the house which was in from the road, and came right up on Funk as he came out to the well to get water. He must have just come from hiding, thinking we were gone. He only had on pants and shirt, no hat nor shoes.

I told him he was the man that ran off from me the other night. "Oh, no," he said, "I am not." "Yes, you are the man and it is no use to parley." Then he begged me to let him dress. Well, I hated to act mean among good people and I let him go in. His mother-in-law came out to entertain me pleasantly, which would have been all right under other circumstances, but it put me on nettles. I began to think there was a plot. I left her and walked to the other side of the house, to find Funk loping down through the soft, mellow cornfield. My "Dutch" was now getting high. I told him to stop or I would kill him, but he had about 100 yards start and kept on dodging as he ran.

I raised my little carbine, took aim and fired, and it just blew the ball out and that was all. The gun was issued to me by the Provost Marshal and was probably loaded at the beginning of the war. He ran and I ran until my tongue began to lop out. I was obliged to come to a walk because of carrying all my equipment. Then I got into a deep ravine, six or seven feet deep and was delayed by that. It came out from Fisher's hill and was covered by a thicket of brush.

Well, after I scrambled out, Funk was nowhere to be seen and now, as I walked, chewing the thing over in my mind, boiling over with rage, I spied him walk-

ing along the river bank under the roots of a big tree. The river had undermined the tree. I told him I was going to kill him and pointed my pistol straight at him. He begged and crawled out up the bank, all muddy. I softened a little but made him walk two steps ahead while I followed with gun cocked. We were about a half-mile below the house. He was a large, raw-boned man and I could see him eyeing me for a chance to fall upon and over-power me. He had the strength but not much nerve. I had enough nerve but too much sympathy.

Well, after jogging along awhile, Funk began to beg to let him go by the house and dress. I softened down and consented, for he was in a deplorable condition, but I maintained my distance and he went in every nook and corner of the house. His wife and mother-in-law would not do anything for him but now seemed as mad as hornets and not at all disposed to try to entertain me. I started to treat him gentlemanly and respectably and if he had treated me the same it would have saved a great deal of trouble, a half-mile run, and I would have had a better opinion of him. After about an hour in the house, he announced he was ready. We started without any affectionate good-byes and finally, landing at the little church were greeted with wild shouts of "hurrahs" by the boys and my reputation was redeemed. We turned him over to the Provost and I heard later he got a Government job where there were no bullets singing.

One other of my old acquaintances, a schoolmate

for one winter, was now making his boasts that he could not be taken. I had been at home, sick, for a week and was now some better. Before reporting I thought I would pay my respects to this absentee and I asked a cavalry man who was grazing some broken-down horses, to go with me. He objected because we had no caps that would fire. I told him that did not matter as I didn't want to kill anybody. We rode three miles, hitched in a vacant stable and walked one mile between the spurs of the Blue Ridge. I knew our man was hiding out but that he came home for meals. Therefore, when near the house we went along on the side of the mountain to watch for him. Just then a girl came out to the road and hearing a stick break, looked up, saw us and ran back to the house. I told the cavalry man we would have to go and see if he was there now, for the news would spread like wildfire. As we started we saw him come to the house with army gun, cartridge box and pistol. I told my assistant to slip around through the cane patch and come up on the back while I would go up in front. About 30 yards from the house I waited a minute for him to get around. Just then our quarry bolted out, up through the meadow and I after him, hollering for the other fellow to come on. The fugitive stopped, raised his U. S. gun, took aim and fired at me. At the same time I was snapping my pistol at him, not taking deliberate aim, for I did not expect it to fire, but one out of the seven caps went off and that frightened him so I did not even hear his ball. I did not stop running to fire, chased him so hot he did not attempt to shoot again.

I ran him about three or four hundred yards, to the upper end of the meadow into the woods and let him go, as I was completely played out, not being stout as yet. He was a long, slim, mountain racer and outran me. The reason we did not get him was that my man kept on, over beyond the house and meadow and crept along, half bent, behind a rail fence. I reckon it would not have been very wrong for me to have fired a few shots around his head to get him a little used to it. If I had one of my own men, we would have taken him without firing a shot.

After this, I reported to my Lieutenant and was ordered back before I had another chance to pay him a second visit. A few days after this, I was ordered to report to the army which had just returned from the Gettysburg campaign.

CHAPTER X

# A Possible Turning Point of the War

BURNSIDE being relieved of the command, "Fighting Joe Hooker" was made Federal Chief and on April 30, 1863, claimed to have the finest and best-equipped army on the planet. The field returns show that his army numbered 138,378, present on April 30, 1863.

Fighting Joe's plans were well laid and at the start were well executed, but he finally allowed Lee and Jackson to out-general him and they almost beat him out of his boots. Hooker, having so many men, made demonstrations at several crossings, threw his main force across higher up, and rushed to the noble position at Chancellorsville and quickly fortified himself there before Lee could head him off with his 53,000. Hooker had 92,000 men in his fortified position and was awaiting Lee's attack. Lee had 14,000 in front of Hooker.

Jackson stole away to the rear with about 3,000 men, so quietly that his whereabouts were not known until he fell upon Howard, like a cyclone, and put them in wild panic and flight and routed them before they realized or knew what to do. Jackson was forcing his way to cut the whole army off from the United States ford, their only way out. While he was returning from one of his bold reconnaissances, his own men, mistaking his party for a Federal band, fired into his

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Fighting Jack's plan was well laid and so the men were well rested, but he finally allowed Lee and Jackson to outgeneral him and slip almost from him out of his hands. Hooker, having in many men made alternatives at critical crossings, knew his men have extra liquor up and rushed to the main position at Chancellorsville and quickly limited him all stage before Lee could lead him off with his forces. Hooker had grown cocky in his foolish position and his awaiting Lee's attack. Lee had figure in front of Hooker.

Jackson made over in the rear with about 20,000 men, so quickly that his advanced were not known until he fell upon Howard, like a cyclone, and pushed in wild panic and flight and rousing them before they realized or knew what to do. Jackson was forcing in way to cut the whole army off from the United States and from any way out. While he was executing these one of his bold movements, his own men, mistaking his party for a federal band fired into his

force, killing several. The great Chief received three ugly wounds.

The confusion which ensued from Jackson's fall and the wounding of A. P. Hill, next in command, delayed any further advance that night. Lee was also delayed by having to take his force to drive back Sedgwick across the river, the latter being engaged in forcing Early back and coming on Lee's rear. Lee had left Stuart with Jackson's men to watch Hooker. All this time Hooker was making good use of his time.

After Jackson's fall, next day, Lee, hearing of Jackson's plans, said: "These people shall be pressed today." Stuart, now in command, gave the ringing order, "Charge and remember Jackson," and leading the charge in person while his voice could be heard singing in clear notes, "Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the wilderness?," he swept everything before him. Lee was moving his lines forward at the same time, and by 10 o'clock on May 3rd, the position at Chancellorsville had been won, the wings of Lee's army reunited and Hooker driven to another line near the river. Lee, after driving Sedgwick, with his 51,000, back across the river in disorder, came back to make a finish of Hooker on the 5th, but Hooker skipped back across the river during the stormy night under cover of darkness. Lee captured 5,000 prisoners besides the wounded, 17 colors, 19,500 stands, small arms and ammunition.

Lee now reorganized his army into three corps. One was under General Longstreet, one under A. P. Hill and one under Ewell. Now Lee again brought Hooker

out by a move on Pennsylvania. Ewell marched rapidly on to Winchester, where on the 14th of June, 1863, he routed Milroy, capturing 4,000 prisoners, 28 pieces of artillery, about 400 wagons, a large number of mules and horses and immense quantities of small arms, ordinance, commissary, quartermaster and medical stores. Lee marched his whole army into Pennsylvania. Hooker asked to be relieved and Meade was now in command.

At Gettysburg, in the first day's fight, the Federals were driven through Gettysburg and over the heights beyond with a loss of 5,000 prisoners and two generals, besides the wounded and three pieces of artillery. If General Lee's order had been obeyed for an early attack, victory would have again perched upon his banners. But by the wrangling of Lee's subordinates and by the loss of Lee's right-hand man, this battle went against Lee and our independence faded away as a mist. Two countries were ready to recognize us and would have done so if we had gained this battle which would have given us our well-earned independence. After lying in line all day July 4th, Lee drew off quietly and formed a line along the Potomac to wait for the river to fall so he could cross, and on the 13th crossed over unmolested. Lee's loss was 20,451; Meade's loss 23,003; and many generals were killed and wounded on both sides.

CHAPTER XI

# On the Rapidan

On account of this unpleasant duty of chasing deserters described in Chapter IX I was not in the Chambersburg nor the Gettysburg battles and I can't remember the exact time and place I joined the company, but it was in the latter part of July, 1863, somewhere near Warrenton, and my memory is a blank until we occupy a position along the Rapidan. Early in autumn of that year we were camped about a week on the bank of the Rapidan, just above Orange Mill. Here we had great sport, swimming, diving, turning from spring boards, jumping from trees—head foremost, wading on the bottom where the water was eight to ten feet deep, by taking a good-sized rock under one arm and holding the nose with the other hand. This was great sport to us and was very much enjoyed by the men, also by the ladies who gathered at a house just below the mill which gave them a good view. They also used field glasses. We almost lived in the water while camping here. The whole army had to be reorganized, as the hard campaign and hard fighting had reduced the ranks to half, in some commands. This camping, drilling and recuperating continued on into October, with some outpost scraps and cavalry fighting occasionally.

On the 9th of October, Lee tried another flank move by marching in the direction of Madison Courthouse and keeping under cover of the timber along

the mountain, trying to get in the rear of Meade's army. This would have worked out very well, but we ran against Meade's cavalry and had a brisk scrap with them before they retired. This informed Meade of Lee's move and he made haste to double back. Another hindrance was that we ran out of grub and had to lay by a day until the wagons came up. This caused our failure to get below Meade at Rappahannock. Lee pressed on through Thoroughfare Gap, hoping to beat Meade to Manassas, but Lee's distance being greater and being troubled for supplies, he failed to cut him off before he made good his escape to Centerville, where Meade rested, ready to continue his retreat on to Washington. We had a fight this side of Manassas at Broad River in which we lost some men, one or two of our company. Lee, failing to accomplish his designs, drew back to Rappahannock and remained there long enough to destroy the railroad. While we were lying at Brandy Station, without tents, a very cold rain came upon us, freezing as it fell until everything was completely covered with ice. The advance stage of premature winter weather struck us in force. Even the water streams had from one to three inches of ice. After a complete destruction of the railroad, we again took up our position along the Rapidan—drilling and picketing and sometimes we moved camp. Meade had rebuilt the railroad and had again advanced around Culpeper and as the weather was unusually cold, we were willing to go into winter quarters.

On or about the 26th of November, 1863, Meade crossed the Rapidan with his whole force, thinking of

surprising Lee, who had his army scattered up and down the river, and while our little division of three or four Brigades under Edward Johnston was marching along the road, not knowing the Yanks were near, we were attacked by French's Corps and had to front load and go right into it, hot. We buckled up against the whole push and as we were about to be beaten back, Johnston ordered a charge. We pressed them back, probably a half-mile or so and held them until night while Lee was bringing up his men and forming a line along Mine Run. We had a rough pitched battle and lost some men. Our little company lost one or two killed and several wounded. Fighting against overwhelming numbers, we gave them all the lead we had and the bayonet.

Here is where I had twenty-five holes shot in my shirt. (Now don't say I am lying until I explain.) It was nearly dark and we had about exhausted our ammunition. Firing had slackened and as I turned half-around, probably to ask someone for a cartridge or two, a ball struck my knapsack in the end, going through my folded shirt and turning away from my body, apparently passing through again, and the holes through my clothes was all the damage it did. As the firing had almost ceased I think it was some Yank who took deliberate aim, and turning, I caused him to lose his game. After dark, Johnston acted a little deception by taking the Brigade on the extreme right and marching along the entire line, as if new forces were being brought in to relieve us. Our whole division marched away and took position in the main line a mile or two

back along Mine Run, which I thought was one of the best positions we had ever occupied and I was anxious for them to come ahead.

This was a dreadfully cold snap for November and the next night I was placed on picket duty right down on the Run, not over two yards from the Federal pickets. Not being allowed to move, for I would have been detected and fired upon, I nearly froze. By this time we were well entrenched. Our artillery was in our rear, higher on the hill so as to fire over us. All of a sudden, about eight o'clock, the Yanks ran their artillery out on the opposite hill—I suppose a mile or a mile and a half away. Well, there was music for about thirty minutes, when the Yanks thought like the fellow that stalled, "I can't stay here and I see that already," and quickly drew off. One shot struck our breastworks in front of our company and so nearly came through that the smoke came out. You ought to have seen us working to strengthen our works after the firing ceased. We made it about ten feet deep or thick. But they did not come that day and Lee planned to attack them the next morning, but during the cover of night they stole back across the River and Meade reported he could not oust Lee from that position with a loss of less than 30,000 men. That ended activities with the infantry for the winter.

We camped for several weeks along the line of the river, keeping up a strong picket along the line. About Christmas, our division camped near Pisgah Church, Orange County, built winter quarters and were comfortable and as cheerful and happy as men can be

under like circumstances. Furloughs were now given to two from each company at a time. Having no rock there, we made clapboards, drove stakes and boarded up a fireplace the right shape, built a pen around filled in with well-mixed mud, and from the throat up built a flue with poles well daubed. When done we burned out the boards and this left a handsome fireplace that lasted the winter through. We had a week of picketing down on Morton's Ford the 23rd of December and returning on the 31st, through eight miles of mud and sometimes water and mud half-knee deep.

January 1, 1864, came in cold. Men were remarkably healthy for all their exposure. The 3rd, Sunday, was cold with a threatening snow and we were living on short rations. The 4th, four inches of snow; 5th, milder with snow nearly all gone; the 6th, our company was detailed on guardhouse duty; 7th, all quiet with more snow; 8th, cold with snow—continuing so to the 15th when we started on an eight-mile trip to picket at Morton's Ford. On the 20th, returned to camp; on the 22nd, our Brigade was detailed to work on the road to carry poles to corduroy the road so our provisions could be hauled; nothing unusual happening. The 1st of February the weather was pretty. On the 5th we had orders to cook rations for a march to picket. One corps of Yanks crossed at Raccoon Ford. Our Brigade and the first drove them back, killing nine and taking 34 prisoners. The Brigade returned on the 13th. A wagon came to camp with chestnuts at $16.00 per bushel ($1.00 a pint), cabbage $1.00 a head. On the 14th and 15th there was more snow and

all quiet to the 28th. A scrap at Jack Shop on the Gordonsville Pike.

March 1st there was rain and snow. On the 2nd, orders to cook rations. We marched out to intercept Kilpatrick and Dahlgren who were making a raid. Dahlgren was killed near Richmond and nearly all his men captured. Returned to camp on the 4th and on the 7th, went on picket at Morton's Ford. On the 8th, raining to beat the band. On the 10th, raining in torrents with nothing of importance; on the 20th (Sunday) preaching; on the 21st and 22nd, snow, and on the 23rd the snow was about 14 inches deep. From the 24th to the 25th, snow, rain and slush and some distant cannonading. The 30th and 31st, cloudy and rainy. April 1, 1864, very rainy. On the 2nd, rain, snow and slush. On the 5th, rain and sleet. On the 6th, mud. The 8th was set apart for fasting and prayer, by the President of the Confederate States. The 9th and 10th, more rain. On the 11th, the Brigade returned from picket.

Down on picket one day, it was dull and time dragged along and we could see the Yanks away over on the other side of the river. There was an old two-wheel ox-cart which we fixed a log of wood on, like a cannon, and a squad of men quickly pulled it out and wheeled it into position, as if to fire. Well, you ought to have seen the Yankees come pouring out into line and ready for the fray. When the officer raised his field glasses they burst into a big laugh and went back in the old house they occupied.

On the 12th we had inspection of arms and am-

munition. On the 17th and 18th inspection again, preparing for what?—a great slaughter of men. On the 19th, all quiet but looking for the ball to open—a more destructive one than ever. Up to the last of the month, all quiet. May 7th, Brigade packed and left winter quarters for the last time and went to Morton's Ford for picket duty. We were now facing one of the hardest struggles of the war with almost daily fighting. Who of the stalwart and robust would be sent to their long homes and who would escape the deadly missiles? No one could tell.

On our post at Morton's Ford, by climbing a tall white pine tree we could see the whole Union army, all in a bustle getting ready for action. Our army had broken camp and were watching to see what point they would strike. From our tree we could see a world of bluecoats striking tents and marching down to our right. Our Brigade, wagons and provisions had gone and left us with nothing to eat. We received orders to join our regiment and got a mile or two, then were rushed back to our posts again.

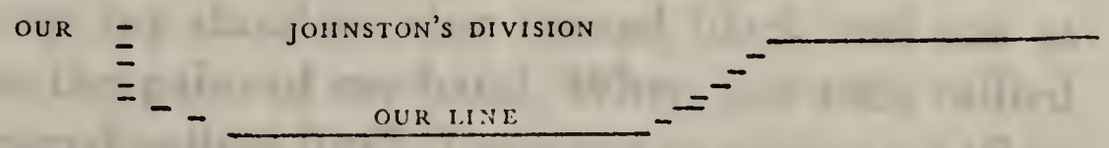
CHAPTER XII

# Wounded and Captured

General Grant was made Commander-in-Chief and on May 4, 1864, had 149,166 men, while Lee had on call, 62,000. On the 5th, Grant crossed at several fords and a desperate battle was begun and raged all day—mostly in the jungles and thick brush, where with fog and the smoke of battle one could not see far ahead. On May 5th we were again ordered to our command and had about 20 or 25 miles to march. Arriving, we were suffering more from hunger than I, at least, ever did while well and hearty. The first view was of our Colonel Warren, Captain Sellers and several other officers and men of our company and regiment, all lying along in a row in silent death. All these men had stood together with us in so many hard-contested battles, but they would no more unsheathe their swords or raise their voices in battle-cry in defense of rights, home, and liberty. A great many others had been taken to the hospitals, some mortally wounded and others less seriously so. These scenes are horrible to look upon, yet with all the hardening processes of soldier life one can sit down alongside them, eat and relish his meal as we did that evening. After relieving our hunger, we took our places in the broken and shattered ranks and were constantly in line. Charge after charge was made here. They were determined to force our lines. The ground was strewn thick with bluecoats, so close to our lines that they

could not be moved and the men were as black as Negroes. It was said the cause of their turning black was that they were full of whiskey. Anyway, it was a horrible sight to look upon.

Our men lay still until the Yanks got very close. Then the whole division rose and fired and charged, so simultaneously that the Federal lines were broken and retreated in disorder. But they had so many men that another fresh line was pushed forward and so the fighting continued until they had been repulsed six or seven times. The roar of musketry was beyond comprehension or description. Cannon could not be used much in these thickets and jungles. After a great slaughter they moved very quietly to our right, aiming to get a choice position near Spottsylvania Courthouse. But we moved as they moved and again blocked the way, taking our position in their front and quickly entrenching ourselves. Here the country was more open and artillery could be used to a better advantage. We had been in the line five days and with almost continual fighting, with our division being on our right. The line here had what is called the bloody angle




and late on the evening of the 10th, a desperate charge was made on the center and broke our lines and got

in Johnston's rear, when we about-faced and drove them back to the angle * as far as our lines reached.

Above the angle we did not drive them and they were pouring mortal volleys into us and at the same time several new lines charged up in our front, which caused a triple-fire on our division, and they gave back without my knowledge as I was busy loading and firing, and had my eyes to the front, leaving me at the dot F—near the angle by the side of our flag. After these new lines of Yanks charged, I looked around to see what our men were going to do and found myself and four or five others entirely surrounded. The Yanks above the angle had crossed and were as thick in the woods behind me as bees. Our men, seeing the situation, drew back. Now this was all done so quickly that one watching could not take it all in.

When the cloud of Yanks crossed our line of works, demanding surrender, there was one of two things to do instantly; surrender or be riddled with bullets. Well, I dropped my musket and left there in extra-triple-quick time, with holes in my clothes and a bruise on my shoulder that turned black and was as large as the palm of my hand. When our men rallied and poured volleys forth, I was one to receive a ball or piece of shell across my thigh about six inches above my knee, on the outside of my left limb. My intention

* Other Yanks were shooting parallel with our line.

was to get away, but this wound from our own guns disabled me. But if I had been back two days later, I would have fallen in my tracks rather than surrender. This was late in the evening of the 10th and on the early morning of the 12th, Hancock with a strong force charged the same point, capturing nearly our whole division including Johnston himself and about 20 pieces of artillery. General Lee was quickly on the ground, closed up this gap and regained and established his lines, except the angle. Lee wanted to lead the charge but his men told him if he would go to the rear, they would go as far as he wanted them to go.

After regaining our lines and repulsing every assault, the battle raged until after night. Grant was repulsed in every assault he made from the 5th to the 12th inclusive. The firing was so heavy in this battle that saplings and large trees were cut down by the balls. I notice history said a large hickory tree, 18 inches thick at this angle, was cut almost in two. It was sawed down and taken to the Navy Yard at Washington, where it can be seen. Grant's loss was 17,600 and Lee's, 8,500. Grant had 149,166 men and was continually receiving fresh troops while Lee received about 75 all told and had no resources to draw from. Grant's loss at or near Spottsylvania was 18,399, making a total of 40,000 or nearly so.

Grant now thought he had sacrificed enough men at this place and moved toward Hanover and onward until he arrived before Petersburg, with reinforcements to the amount of 275,000 or over. His sixty days of fighting had cost him about 70,000 men.

CHAPTER XIII

# A Prisoner of War at Point Lookout

On the 10th of May, 1864, as described, I ended my days of soldiering, and lying on the wet ground with a very sore, wounded leg, became a prisoner of war.

At the rear, the whole earth seemed to be alive with Yankees. The roads, creeks and branches were a thin loblolly of mud and slush through which we were forced, sometimes up to our knees, while there was crossing on the side of the road. This so angered me that if I had been back in ranks again, I would have taken my chances in a fusillade of lead and fought to the death, rather than be under control of heartless brutes. After several days of this cruel, inhuman treatment, we were taken to the Potomac and given passage on a boat to Point Lookout, Maryland. Here I was reminded of a large flock of sheep, taken from a ranch and put in a pen, standing around looking at each other and not knowing what to do.

As fate would have it, this ended my experiences before missiles of cannon and muskets, and the Master so sheltered and protected me throughout all its horrible scenes, that not a drop of my blood was drawn by the enemy, though many times bullets passed through my clothes and several times I was struck by bullets or pieces of shells, or something that caused a temporary black spot as large as the palm of one's hand. It was by our own guns that a portion of my life

blood was spilled, while in defense of rights, home, loved ones and liberty.

In speaking of prisons, the word good should be left out, for there are none that are good, no, not one. Grub was short, treatment rough and sometimes inhuman. Officers and men delighted in showing their authority. Yet some of the Rebs took in the situation and labored hard for the improvement of their time, the elevation of the men, physically, mentally and spiritually. They left nothing undone for the comfort of the poor, helpless men. We were organized into companies and divisions, each company had a religious man appointed to look after the welfare and health of the men and report any sickness or suffering from want; each division had a preacher to preach to them and administer all the help and comfort to any that might be sick. On Sunday afternoon at public service, each minister made a report on the welfare, health, morals and prospect of spiritual advancement of his division. In the school building, one of the ministers would preach every noon. Each company had morning prayers and song service before roll call, led by different ones, alternately, in standing groups; one, two or three prayers and song would be given until the bugle sounded for roll call. These early-morning services were very refreshing and well attended.

Point Lookout was a dreadfully hot place in summer and cold in winter and the water had copperas in it to the amount of a wheat grain to the pint in some of the wells, so it was not a very healthy place. Yet I hated to leave that school. They gave us beef every

fourth or fifth day and it lay around outside until covered with fly nits. When put in those very large kettles, most of them would boil off and settle to the bottom. A few beans were put in to make soup—from three to a dozen to the pint and soup was given us on beef day. Many of the fellows who got portions from near the bottom, as they ate the soup or broth would find from a half to a teaspoonful of nits in their cups. They would vary according to the nearness to the bottom of the kettle as the cups were filled. But still the soup tasted fairly good until we got to the bottom. You know they were cooked pretty well. One thing we did highly appreciate. They opened the gate on the Chesapeake side on pretty days so we could go in the bay swimming. Oh! but it was fun from nine till three.

A more bitter pill than fly nits were the Negro guards. They became so obnoxious, hateful and mean that we stoned them of nights until they had to take them away, after a time, and put white guards over us. Corporal Dick got killed there and others of his race ought to have met the same fate. There was a graded road or street along in front of the cook houses. On the edge of this road was a Negro guard to keep the men from going to the cook houses between meals. As there were about 8,000 men here, this road was crowded to its utmost. One man, getting to the edge of this Negro's beat, the latter fired into the crowd killing one man and wounding four or five others. "I'll show you, I'll let you know," were his exclamations. This happened right by my side. This was as

bitter as gall, but we had to swallow it. That Negro's instructions were to keep the men from crossing the road to the cook houses between meals. Our hands were tied in part. We would gather a pocketful of rocks and on dark nights stone them like fury and run to our tents and go to sleep instantly, if not sooner.

After the Negroes inhaled a few doses of uncrushed stone they could not get them inside the camp and they were taken to the front where lead was dosed out to them in large bitter pills. Many times the Negro guards around on top of the wall or fence would recognize their masters, and talked to them, saying, "The bottom rail on top now." Some were very impudent, others rather sympathetic. After ridding ourselves of these pests, I was really sorry to leave my school. Before leaving this place, I feel it would be unjust and ungrateful not to mention the name of Mr. Morgan, a little man from South Carolina, but a Christian and patriotic soldier who was at the head of all that was good and noble in the organization of this camp for the betterment of the unfortunates who were here. He had great difficulties to overcome with the Federals, but his indomitable, never-failing energy overcame them all. Securing a large building for a day school and preaching, he also obtained all kinds, styles and grades of textbooks. These books were obtained mostly from our warm friends in Baltimore who donated them.

We left Point Lookout on August 3, 1864. Then we had a thoroughly disciplined day school and a competent teacher for any branch of study or any

language. This organization was so complete that triflers could not get in. I built my future hope on it. Just as I was getting started nicely, I was driven on a big vessel, like any other livestock, not having room to lie down full-length to sleep, and sailed for New York, landing at Jersey City. There I was put aboard a train for Elmira, New York. On the way I was sick. They issued to us two days' rations of bread and what is called pickle pork. It is all fat-side meat put up in tight barrels and very salty. I had a quart bucket and gathered a few little sticks and boiled mine, which made it a little more palatable. The grease that boiled out I thought would not do to waste, scarce as grub was. But I would better have thrown it out, for it made me so sick and weak that my plans were all foiled of making my escape from the train. We were two days and a night going from Point Lookout to New York City on a big vessel, so crowded we did not have room to stretch out to sleep, but sat upright and snoozed a little. We took the Broad Gauge Erie Railroad. The men were almost starved when we arrived at Elmira.

A MAP OF THE PRISON
"FIRST STEP TO ESCAPE?"

CHAPTER XIV

# A Prisoner at Elmira, New York

THIS Elmira Camp was entirely different from Point Lookout. Sod and grass covered the ground. Green trees and mountains softened the landscape. This camp contained approximately 45 acres, on the Chemung River, a tributary of the Susquehanna. This river's banks usually confine the stream in ordinary freshets; then there is a wide bottom, then a hill, something like 18 or 20 feet high and on this were our quarters. In the river bottom were located the pest houses or hospitals for smallpox and other contagious diseases. Two thirds or more of our camp was in this bottom. Our hill-top was about on a level with Elmira City. There was a pond or lake along the foot of our hill, which was part of our boundary line. Streets and roads were graded nicely all over our camp on the hill and trees were planted along on each side. The camp was kept strictly clean which made it attractive to outsiders, but not so much to our eyes.

We were quartered at first in tents but as winter approached, they put up buildings, each about 50 feet long and 18 feet wide and containing three tiers of bunks. The floors were from 1½ feet to three feet above the ground and each had two large coal stoves, one in each end of the building.

Then there was a row of hospital wards across the end of camp, I think twelve or fourteen in number and generally full of patients. A large cook house stood

CHAPTER XIV

# A Prisoner at Elmira, New York

The Chemung County Jail in Elmira, New York, had not been used for the general prisoners for many years. Instead, the county used the Elmira City Jail, which was located approximately [illegible] miles from the Elmira Penitentiary, a military prison for the Confederacy. The city jail was a rather dreary place, in the middle of a large muddy parade ground. The prisoners were locked up in a small basement, then a hall, some distance [illegible] in [illegible] quarters. In one corner [illegible] the prisoners or hospital for soldiers and other military [illegible]. Two [illegible] or more of our [illegible] in the barracks. One hundred men slept on a level with Sixteen Cup. There was a guard or [illegible] along the top of the hill which was part of our boundary line. Sentry and [illegible] posted also in all over our camp on the hill and were posted along on each side. The sentry was large, sturdy, [illegible] which made it attractive to [illegible], but not to escape to our [illegible].

We were quartered at first in tents but as winter approached they put up buildings, each about [illegible] long and 16 feet wide and containing three rows of bunks. The bunks were [illegible] 16 feet in three tiers above the ground and each had two large [illegible] one in each end of the building.

There there was a row of hospital [illegible] across the end of camp, a [illegible] in [illegible] and generally [illegible] prisoners. A [illegible] [illegible]

on the brow of the hill, and about the center of camp was a carpenter shop where coffins of white pine were made for the dead. Rebel carpenters were detailed to this work. When not busy at that, they made some beautiful walnut furniture for the Yanks. They received ten cents a day and extra rations. I had a friend in the shops and got many little scraps of walnut and other kinds of nice wood which I worked with my knife into picture cases in book form. These I sold for from 75¢ to $1.25.

We also had a sutler's store where was sold cheese, crackers, candy, apples and almost anything more that we had money to buy. This camp, at first sight, seemed a very healthy place, but it was just the reverse and proved to be a very sickly place for our men. The death-rate was much higher than in the army during active hostilities. About half of us Virginians and I think three-quarters of all Southerners died here in eight to ten months. Out of twelve of our company, half died. In the winter, a large number of North and South Carolinians had been captured at a fort on the North Carolina coast, hale, hearty-looking fellows as ever were, except that they were yellow from lying in the trenches. These men crowded us very much at first, but in two to three weeks they were nearly all gone to the hospitals, and most of them died. The well water looked pure and good but was deadly poison to our men; thousands taking chronic diarrhea and all kinds of bowel and kidney trouble, from which they died.

We had smallpox almost all the time. One of our

company had it, got well, but afterwards died there. His brother took measles and died in two or three days. One doctor there said he killed more Rebs than any soldier at the front.

We could buy things at the sutler's, if we had the money. Well, we had some money, but we had to use strategy. If anyone had money on arrival, it was taken from him when he went in and you could get an order to the store for one or two dollars at a time. If we wanted money in our pockets, we would buy at the store and then sell to others until we had the whole amount in our pockets. If a friend sent in money, it would be held at headquarters and the name placed on the bulletin board—John Smith, $10.00. Not over two dollars at a time on an order. You will be surprised when I tell you we did as much business in a small way as a town or city.

Half or more of the well men were earning money one way or another. When first put in prison, we only stood around and looked at each other, not knowing what to do except to await the call to the mess house for the mite of food allowed each man. Fortunately, there were some mechanics and jewelers who procured some tools—I don't know how—and went to work making very pretty things and selling them for big money. We looked on with stomachs pinching until the thought came, "I wonder if I could make anything. I will try."

Here is one of the most important lessons of life. Believe you can do a thing and have patience and try it thoroughly. Have confidence and patience. "I will

try," beginning to believe, puts the whole being into action and the thing is done. If at first you don't succeed, try again and put the whole mind, being and soul into your work, thinking of nothing but success.

Our noble General Jackson started in life with this motto—"I can do all things through Christ. He strengthened me." Stonewall Jackson never failed to defeat the purpose of the enemy. At Kernstown only, was he forced from the field against great odds, but succeeded in drawing back a large column that had started to reinforce McClellan and held them there until he could get them in position to flog and defeat the last one of them. And then Jackson took his own little army and helped Lee to drive McClellan away from Richmond's door before they knew where he was. His accidental death, by his own men, was the defeat of the Confederate cause.

Have faith or confidence in yourself to do whatsoever you will to do. It was this confidence that, forced on me under the most unfavorable circumstances, caused me to make an effort. I had never done anything but run sawmills, haul logs and farm. I had no tools, no material and was shut up in prison. How could I do anything? Hunger puts the mind to action. Mind says to nerves and muscles, "Get a move on and try."

I got a big 6-inch spike nail and drove it through a neat stick. This was my hammer. I got a file at the store. Out of two spike nails I made a neat pair of pincers, broke the point off of needles and fastened them in a rod, bow and sweep completed a drill and

CARVED BY THE AUTHOR DURING
THE TERRIBLE DAYS AT ELMIRA.

a pocket knife made up the outfit with which I made nice rings that sold well and at good prices. A good workman well supplied with tools could make nice work with ease. But one who never did anything of the kind must have a storehouse full of confidence, patience and energy to achieve success. I mention this to illustrate the energy of thousands who worked up beef bones, horsehair, little scraps of lumber, pearl, silver, gold, gutta percha and other waste, into every conceivable fancy article of such attraction and beauty that the most fastidious appreciated. Some of us were manufacturing, some selling at wholesale, some retailing, and altogether making a perfect network of business.

Yet there were a lot of drones or lifeless, do-less persons who moped about, pining away for want of sufficient food to eat, losing their humanity, eating almost anything a brute would eat—as rats, gangrene poultices and the like. These were known by their pallid color and lifeless movements. Most of them died there, not from disease but pining away for lack of more food, some even sending word to their friends at home that they were being starved to death. These poor men grew so lean that they seemed to have no flesh at all, before their spirits left their bodies.

Our manufactured articles were purchased mostly by outside people. The guards who came on the inside bought largely and sold again to others outside. At first it was hard for visitors to get in and high observatories were built on the outside and the owners charged admission fees for people to go up and look

at the Rebs. No doubt the reader thinks my anxiety for school soon waned away. The authorities here would not let us organize anything. I got a slate and an arithmetic and studied it with the assistance of some friends. I had to work to get about twenty-five cents' worth of extra grub each day. Then we had to wash and boil our clothes every week.

With all our care and caution, we could not keep rid of vermin. We called them graybacks for short. The only way we could keep them down was in this manner. My bunkmates and myself would get up in our bunk, strip off and hunt in the seams of our shirts and drawers. This we did every day to prevent nits. If all would have done as we, they would soon have exterminated the lice. Some of the fellows did not wash their clothes nor themselves and you could see the graybacks crawling over their clothes on the outside. There were other bitter doses that I will not mention. There were all kinds and mixtures of men and morals in our ward. Some were talking, some swearing, some singing, others playing cards, some laughing and engaged in all kinds of amusements.

I persuaded another fellow to assist me and we read a chapter and sang a hymn and had prayers at night before retiring. These services were respected and enjoyed by most of them, but not all. There was not the religious feeling that had existed at Point Lookout, but we kept this up until I was assigned to attend the hospital wards, where we read and had prayers and song service and talked to some of the patients—poor, sick and dying people whose friends

were a thousand miles away. Four of us would go together and attend three and four wards each night. Other groups would attend the other wards, so all hospital wards had services each night, twelve or fourteen in all. Few of our sick ever came away. Oh, it was so horrifying to see all these poor men dying needlessly, so far from all their friends! The prison wards would be crowded sometimes when a fresh lot was brought in, but they soon vanished away as snow on a warm, sunshiny day.

CHAPTER XV

# The Great Flood

THIS state of things continued until the last days of February, 1865, when there was a sudden change in the weather. From the 1st of December to the last of February, all the snow that fell lay on the ground and packed down to a depth of three or four feet. During this time the weather was extremely cold, some of the men froze their feet while standing on the snow and ice at roll call of mornings. The last of February, I was elated at being on the list to be exchanged. Everything was all ready and we were waiting for the Government train, when a warm rain set in and melted all the snow in the Pennsylvania and New York mountains. The river banks soon began to overflow.

Water spread over the wide bottom, sweeping away our pest hospitals and over the prison walls to the foot of our hill, but it didn't stop there. We were to have the biggest flood in the history of Elmira. It rose until our entire camp was under water. The sick were taken out in boats and a great many died before they were returned. One of my bunkmates died. Our number had been greatly reduced by so much sickness and death and one boatload of sick had been exchanged a short time before, so that the rest of us could get in the second and third tiers of bunks and keep out of the water. There we had to remain until the water receded and food was brought in on boats.

Remember that river had banks that usually held freshets. There was about four hundred yards of bottom, then a hill on the second rise, eighteen or twenty feet high; then the barracks were one and a half to three feet off the ground and the water was from one to four feet in the buildings. Now can you picture in your mind the volume of water that flowed down this Chemung Valley? All the prison walls were swept away except the side next to Elmira, and if there had been much current some of the buildings on the hill would have gone. The railroad down this river to Harrisburg was torn to pieces, and much of it carried away. This flood foiled my hopes and my exchange never came.

As soon as the water began to fall and before it left the cook houses, some of the boys waded in and got some choice hams intended for Yankee officers, but we feasted on them all the same. They tasted "moreish." On this hill, the water had not much current. Perhaps you can form some idea of the sediment or mud left all over the camp, in the buildings and under the buildings and everywhere you would turn your eyes. Still we had to live or die in it, as chance made it. Some of us lived, but we had lost much of our humanity. The death-rate was about thirty-two a day for awhile, even though our number was reduced to a little over half. I would like to re-visit the boneyard of Elmira Confederates, where thousands of poor fellows' bones were laid to rest, for there was little else than bones when life ebbed away.

Preachers came in from the outside to preach to us,

some with good gospel sermons. Others were possessed with devils before they came in. We gave good attention and enjoyed good gospels, but had no time to waste on old political hypocrites and would leave.

One Sunday one of these last-named, after announcing his text, said, "I want you all to understand that I am a Union man, and my father was a Union man, and my grandfather was a Union man and my great-grandfather was a Union man." I don't know how much farther the old political crank went grinding out his Unionisms, for the most of us were too far on the way to our quarters to hear any more.

Sometimes Sunday school papers were distributed among us. The first page was half-covered with a magnificent flag of the Stars and Stripes. Then the reading went on to pictures of how the Southern planters drove the Negroes through the day with long whips like oxen and penned them in boarded lots like cattle, at night, and all kinds of other black falsehoods, on the order of the infamous, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I believe the Northern preachers did more to bring on the great slaughter between the States than all other combined forces. The Northern literature so pictured the Southern people, that there was almost a constant stream of people winding their way to the top of these observatories to get a glimpse of the Rebs, as they supposed us to be like some kind of curious, monkey-shaped animals. After their long trips over the railroad and their observations, they saw only some poorly-clad men, like others in form but far better in principle and character.

After the big flood we had to wear the time away as best we could, being forbidden to organize in any form by which we could have made better use of our time. We dragged through March and into April, when Lincoln was assassinated—on the night of April 14, 1865. All Southerners, prisoners and all, were accused of the crime and we were made to suffer for it, when outside of John Wilkes Booth and his pals, no one had any knowledge of it or anything whatever to do with it.

Booth's brother-in-law was caught and tried as a spy, convicted and sentenced to death, and Booth went to Lincoln asking for a respite for him. Lincoln told him he could not do anything and for him to go to Seward, and when Seward refused to do anything Booth determined the two should pay the penalty and he shot Lincoln, at the same time his pal cut Seward's throat as he lay in bed, but not quite deep enough to be fatal, and this is the whole story in a nutshell.

The war was over now and the Southern soldiers had returned to their homes (where they had not been destroyed) and were trying to make an honest living for themselves. But now depredations, torture, robbery, murder, carpetbagging and Negro rule, scallywagging jurors of the lowest grade of whites and Negroes being selected to try our leaders for treason—even putting President Davis in irons—all this the Southerners had to bear.

Under this rule much of the private property left was destroyed by the cruel, heartless, brute beasts of Federal officers who went through the country, burn-

ing and robbing cities, destroying private property, houses, barns, mills, grain and feed, shooting down livestock that they could not carry off, torturing helpless and innocent people. This brute beast carpetbagger and Negro rule wasted and destroyed what had been left. General ——— was noted for stealing silver spoons from the Southerners and went by the name of Silver-spoons ———. The loss of property to the South cannot be estimated. About 4,000,000 slaves were liberated without any compensation, besides public and private property destroyed amounting to billions of dollars. All railroads and other institutions were now bankrupt. Wide regions of country were laid waste. Hopes were blighted, fortunes ruined, plans frustrated and all now were subjected to freedmen's bureau agents and the swarm of hungry carpetbaggers that came South to devour the little the war had left. This tyranny lasted some years, and had it not been for the secret organization of the Ku Klux Klan would have completely ruined the South. The prisoners were now being sent away gradually. I find the records of history state that about four more Rebels died in Northern prisons than Yanks died in Southern prisons.

CHAPTER XVI

# Reconstruction

On the 23rd day of June, 1865, I took my leave of Elmira Prison, and there were a good many yet left there. This old government train was very slow. It stopped at Williamsport a half-day, the same at Sunbury and at Baltimore, a day and a half. At other places it stopped an hour or more. I reached home on the 30th, being seven days on the road to find destruction, waste and poverty. Nothing, and nothing to do with. The whole estate practically lost. There was no time to waste, for the country was stripped and bread must be dug from the soil. Everybody was living short. Hardly any livestock of any kind was to be had. There was no money; the start must be made from the bottom. No store clothes were worn, there were none to be had and no money nor trade to buy with when stores were established. Rye coffee was the best we could afford. One could not help another. I went to work with a will. The start was slow and I tugged along the best I could.

Even preaching and Sunday school had gone down at our church. I was now twenty-five years of age and thought if I had a helpmate I could weather the tide better and glide along more sweetly. I needed everything but a wife, but did not know that. I began to look around and when I found one I thought would suit, she was twenty-five miles away and I had no suit-

# Reconstruction

able horse nor conveyance, yet I managed to make a trip about once a month.

The first time I went to see her, after I had formed her acquaintance, my older brother sent me to Harrisonburg to get bolting cloth. I was delayed in starting as the horse had to be sent to the shop to be shod, which made it late in the afternoon. I was bent on going there to spend the night. I hurried along as fast as I could, with justice to the horse, and counted the miles and time as I went, and just as I got to town a big rainstorm came up and delayed me about an hour. It was now almost night and I had four miles yet to go. I started before the storm was quite over and hurried along and as I came in sight of the house (with yet another mile to go), other severe thunderstorms caught me and it was now night. Well, it was near bedtime for farmers, when this was over, and I was obliged to put up with these friends for the night. Early next morning, one of the boys came up for something. I told him to tell them I would be down directly. I did so and was not entirely defeated for I spent a couple of hours very pleasantly and blazed the way for future visits.

One time I started on a little black wooly colt, and it was raining to beat the band. When I got to the river, it was flush, very muddy and full of big round rocks. The little rascal had never seen the river and was afraid, and went blundering along with his head up in the air, looking up and down the river. I felt sure he would fall and was trying to get him to step carefully, but down he came over a big rock in about

ship home for Christmas, yet I managed to make a trip about once a month.

The first time I went to see her, after I had learned to navigate my own boat between sets of the fishermen's moorings in the harbour, I was delayed so that I was not in the slipway to be able to see her. I was disappointed, but as I could well guess in the afternoon I was taken to going ashore to spend the night. I hurried along as fast as I could with paint in the boat, and running the miles and more as I went, and yet as I got to town a big mushroom cloud up and delayed me about an hour. It was dark when I got to the house, and I had hoped to go to go I saved before the room was quite over and hurried along, and as I came to sight of the house (with yet another mile to go) rather worse (certainly more than enough) and it was not night. Well, it was not far to go,

MR. *and* MRS. JAMES HUFFMAN
*shortly after their marriage on March 8, 1866.*

the deepest place, running his head and shoulders under and getting me wet to my knees. Worried with his carelessness, I hit him with my umbrella and broke the staff and still the rain came down. My homespun clothes were wet, it was still raining and I had nineteen miles yet to go. This made it gloomy for me. I thought as I jogged along and decided it must be an unlucky day and turned in to some friends, dried myself and spent the night and took a fresh start in the morning, and made the trip.

After deliberating and considering the ups and downs and inconveniences, it was thought best not to make a long, protracted courtship. Therefore we talked to the purpose and on the 8th of March, 1866, were married. I bought some cloth at Farrer & Clippinger's store at Harrisonburg and had some tailor-made, store clothes to get married in. After a sumptuous supper at the home of the bride (to about 40 guests), the first half of the night was spent in an old-fashioned jollification and a good time.

Next day we drove down to mother's, where another nice supper was served to a jolly crowd. We then visited some of my relatives. After five weeks spent at my home, we made a visit to her father and she remained there some weeks to fix up for starting housekeeping. After being separated two weeks, I started to go to see her, but found the river too high and went back home and stayed one more week. Then, knowing the river was away out of its banks, I determined to go anyhow and swim my horse over. When I got to the river I asked a fellow to help me. He said the water

was too cold and proposed to put the horse in the boat. (It was a little boat, 4 feet wide and about 16 feet long.) I told him all right. The horse weighed about 1,200 pounds. I led him in and he paddled the boat. The horse stood trembling, almost frightened out of his wits, but stood perfectly still, otherwise he would have turned the little boat over. I admit it was risky, but experts, fearless and with plenty of nerve, can accomplish much. The river was about ten feet above low water.

We went to housekeeping in this old house at the mill, near mother's, having bought the house and mill for $4,000. My brother-in-law was a partner in it. We were now in a good position to make a start in business and were getting along very nicely. We also had four good horses, a threshing machine and other property, and had paid $2,000 on the mill and owed $2,000. We farmed some, too, and as soon as we cut our wheat, we threshed it and ground some of it and loaned most of it to our neighbors. We were now moving along toward prosperity. We now had a good merchandise and chopping mill, a good water circular-saw mill with a capacity of about 3,000 feet per day and wheat was $2.00 to $2.50 per bushel and flour, $10.00 to $12.00 per barrel; lumber, $15.00 per M. at the mill and other things accordingly. This was too good to last. One day (Sunday) at daybreak, roaring flames awakened us to see all this going into ashes. Our wheat, rye and the lumber close by were all destroyed. There was no insurance; the people said they would help us start again but they did not. This

fire was supposed to be the work of one of my war enemies, made while on my police detail at home.

After getting the mill in good working order and attaching a little, portable grist mill, I told my brother-in-law, Carrier, if he would pay our debts he could have all that was left, and we moved away to start all over again.

Before leaving, however, I want to say something about society, the people, and living conditions there. Almost all the families on the creek had lost some of their members during the war, either killed or dead of disease, and they had lost interest in everything except the necessities of life. Many of the church members had become cold and careless and do-less, with shadows of gloom resting upon them. There was one preacher who preached once a month. I determined to revive a deeper interest, spiritually, and one preaching day before the benediction I organized a Sunday School but could not get a Superintendent, and I was chosen, I believe, unanimously.

While I did not feel worthy, I resolved to do all I could, and went to work in earnest. After we selected a full choir of workers, we met each Sunday morning. It was a hard tug to start, as we had nothing to begin with and had to start at the bottom, which was *out*. In those days we did not have the modern equipment or the conveniences of today, but as the backwoodsman said, we worked by "main force and awkwardness." However, the reward was probably greater than the modern-day Sunday School as our labors were most abundantly blest with a great revival, in which nearly

all of our Sunday School were converted and brought into the church. All the old, cold and lukewarm and backsliding members were happily reinstated and new life and former happiness restored, and the cloud of darkness and gloom was rolled away.

This old log church and schoolhouse is still standing and in use and is very precious to me for inside its walls is "where I first saw the light and the burden of my heart rolled away"—about 57 years ago. And though I have passed through fiery trials, temptations, wanderings, sore affliction, bereavements, being almost crushed in spirit, in my mind and thoughts and sometimes in person, I go back to my youthful days and the old log church where I enjoyed copious "showers of blessings" and where I was under parental care and the training of Christian parents. These memoirs stimulate me from weariness to new thought, new life, new energy and enable me to press on in the faithful discharge of duties, with bright hopes and anticipations of again soon clasping hands with the many loved ones gone over in the spirit world.

Now in the effort to start again I bought an old steam saw-mill and a four-horse team of horses and moved and lived in a little house on a high bank of the Shenandoah River near Handford for six or eight months. Then I bought 205 acres of timbered land on the Rockingham Pike. My four horses cost me nearly $800, the wagon and harness ran the amount to over $1,000 and the mill was more than $2,000. I got a good job, or contract, that amounted to $3,500 cash but I would lose it unless I got more horse-power. I

borrowed a horse to ride and told my men to do all they could. I now had only a three-horse team, having given the best horse I had to my partner to get rid of him. I started with less than $10.00 in my pocket and was gone four days, returning with a four-horse team, fully harnessed, and equipped with fly straps, wagon with bed, and an extra horse for the other team. I drove all night, arriving at break of day while they were at breakfast. I now made things hustle and saved my contract that others were trying to get away from me. In those days I had plenty of energy and ambition.

I borrowed of the bank at sixty and ninety days and had to make it. I was doing very well and would have succeeded admirably if I had not had so much confidence in people. But lured away by too much faith in humanity, I again got into trouble. I lost heavily by the man I bought the land from, by not getting a deed and by holding on at his request until land and lumber dropped and while waiting I went to saw another job that would have netted me about $2,000, but the flood of 1870 came and I lost what I had done and a four-horse team besides. Then I sold my mill to an East Virginian and earned the money about twice, trying to collect it.

Next I read about steam threshing in the West and thought it would be good for us. Everybody was afraid of it, except Meems, who urged me to get a machine. I had no money and could not get a partner with money. Finally, after people were threshing, I telegraphed to Richmond, Indiana, to send the machine and I would make a payment after it came. I did not

do much the first season. After educating the people to it, I went to selling machines and missed a fortune again by being controlled by others, or by trying to please others rather than myself. Now I was trying to do too many things and it was too much for my physical ability and ran my health down to a very low ebb and I was becoming disheartened. I went back to Inglewood, or near East Point. We lived here about six years. I took an active part in church and Sunday School; was again chosen Superintendent and had a good Sunday School for several years. Many of the young people were led into the church through it. I also had an afternoon Sunday School at a schoolhouse. I enjoyed this work and I believe these were the happiest days of my life.

Before leaving here, I sold my mill, threshing machine and land to two parties. Had they faithfully carried out the transaction, it would have netted me $10,000, but as it fell through on account of the one party failing to come up with his part of the contract, I lost about all I had by it. I will not go into details as the parties are not here to defend themselves. In business I was overconfident, too lenient and too easily persuaded and took too many people at their word and often gave way in controversies and always tried to please others rather than myself, though hard to drive.

When we moved to the neighborhood of Mt. Crawford, it was against my will and judgment, because I knew by having all the buildings to put up, all the fences to make and the land to clean up and ditch and drain, and a hundred other things to do, it would

loosen my grip on an easy and good-paying business that would have been a respectable fortune, but I yielded to the wishes of others. The move proved most disastrous financially, physically, mentally, socially and spiritually. I will not explain but simply say our hard labor was all dumped into the bad.

I omitted to say that a new schoolhouse was very much needed at East Point and while I had no children to send, I headed the list and it was through my energy and help that one was built and it is still in use.

CHAPTER XVII

# Incidents and Adventures

I WILL mention a little incident that might have been serious. Myself and Carrier rode out about a mile to look at some timber, and as we returned to the land I told him to go on to the house. I rode a little way to where I had some men at work and when I started to leave, my horse broke into a run and ran faster and faster and was going to his utmost ability. Being bareback and going down a tolerably steep, narrow, rough land, I did not have much control though I sawed the bit in his mouth and did all I could, but to no avail. What made it more exciting, there was a gate across the road at the foot of the hill, not over four feet high, and no earthly chance to get off and a slim chance to stay on, if he went over the gate at that speed. But I have made it a rule to stick to horses as long as I can, and it was a very interesting time. He did not check at all and turned his head to the left of the gate post, striking the heavy post with his neck and shoulder, and chugged dead still. The stop was so sudden that I landed on top of the gate sideways, as a lady sits on a horse. I did not let go the bridle and was not hurt in the least. Neither was the horse hurt; he was too mean to be hurt.

## Rescue of the Shepp Family

On the evening of the big flood of 1870, I think on September 29th, old Grandfather Shepp came over to

see me, so excited he could hardly talk, and asked me to go over and try to get his son's family (Reuben Shepp) out, as they were about to drown. I jumped on my horse and rode there race-fashion, about two miles. The house was a one-story log cabin standing in an ocean of water over the entire island, with a garret above and it was two feet off the ground on a wall and on an island of thirty or forty acres. The kitchen had gone and the chimney had fallen. As I rode up to where Joseph Kite was sitting on his horse, he said it was impossible to go in there and out. He had lived on the river all his life and was an expert boatman.

Where the prong of the river ran there was a row of large trees and he called my attention to the drift as it went flying by the trees. The river was partly covered with drift and covered the bottoms from hill to hill and in some places was a half to a mile wide. But neither the wonderful deluge of water nor what Mr. Kite said daunted me. I had been asked to try to save them and that was uppermost in my mind, and while a two-horse team, under the whip, was bringing a boat from a neighbor, I was making paddles—five in number—of an inch board. As the boat came, we seized it and carried it up the river to allow plenty of room to drift, for no mortal power could hold a boat against that current.

There was another young man present as nervy and plucky as they make them. We divested ourselves of coats and boots, jumped in and aimed for the best gap between the trees. "Once there," I said, "we will aim for the lower corner of the house" (it sat broadside

to the current), "and just missing the house, we can possibly stop in the eddy." This we did by extreme effort and then I said, "We will work the boat very cautiously along the end of the house, in the whirl caused by the strong current rolling up against the house," and this we did. Now the small windows were about three feet above the floor and the water about level with the sills, so you see there was no chance to get to those in the house, but fortunately there was a hole in the gable about two feet square. By standing on the window-sill with one foot and in the boat with the other, I held the boat in the whirl and took them down into the boat.

The woman said, "What will we take out first?" I said, "Nothing, at all, Madam, but yourselves, and get out as quickly as possible. If you get out safe you may be very thankful." I commenced to help them down into the boat. She pleaded with me to take a very large, vicious dog, which I declined to do as there were eight of us, which I considered enough in a common skiff on that tide. We were all in. I had not to this time looked for a possible way of escape. I glanced down below and around to see drift crashing among the trees, breaking down and rolling and tumbling at such a rate that an expert could not live there two minutes. I pointed to a gap between the trees, where the road came into the island, saying, "Yonder is our only chance," and at the same time pushing the boat from the whirl at the end of the house into the rapid rolling current and the fight was on in a desperate effort to make this gap, which was absolutely the only avenue

of escape. To miss it meant to crash among the trees and drift. That would be sudden death and a watery grave for all.

It was impossible to hold a boat against this current, and we had not far to drift. Could we make it? Yes, we could. Now if you had been an eye witness to this little episode, you could have seen what two men can do in a case of emergency when they go to work with a will, coolly, deliberately and fearlessly. I broke two of the paddles. The river was nearly at its highest. As we were making our best strokes, the rear end of our boat glided by the tree on the roll of water around it, bringing a shout or yell from the lookers-on, who had been watching in mute silence.

As we landed, the clouds lowered, rain fell and darkness overshadowed the earth and the great deluge of mighty rushing waters threatened us. Behind us, the house went to pieces in a crash and the dog apparently met destruction with it, for it was seen no more. All the time we consumed in going in and out did not exceed fifteen minutes—possibly not over ten minutes.

After all, we were only instruments in the Master's hands to rescue that family. The parents are now dead. The oldest son is a prominent doctor at Mt. Sidney, Virginia. The second son is a professor of grade school, in Covington, Virginia, and the oldest daughter died when about grown. The other two: (twins) are teachers; one in Nashville, Tennessee, and the other at Staunton, Virginia.

CHAPTER XVIII

# Home and Church Life

As we settled down in our home near Mt. Crawford, in a new house just built, and no other buildings, the land thick with bushes and briers and swamps, except a little that was farmed to death—some of the land under water, no fences except the boundary fence —with all this work to do, I was compelled to neglect that which was more important. I sacrificed my health and made a beautiful home, with all necessary buildings, fencing, ditched and drained, the land improved and made so attractive that different ones wanted to buy it. The better half did not want to leave it. Then came the flood of 1877, destroying a large portion and leaving great drifts of timber against some big walnut trees that stood over the bottom. The Bridgewater Bridge lodged on it and my beautiful farm was a ruined and almost worthless property. Nobody wanted it and by my sale of the mill and other property, I was defrauded out of most of it.

This coming upon me while I was suffering almost daily death, relatives interfering and encouraging domestic trouble, friends turning the cold shoulder, it seemed as if all were trying to crush out my life. There were seven children dependent upon me for food, clothing and education, and none able to do much. I suffered all kinds of torture, ill-health, being bereft of friends—all but life, wife and children. Even one of them was at death's door for several weeks and under

all these trying circumstances it was hard to keep down domestic trouble, but I fought it through.

After cleaning up the place and covering the ravages and destruction of the flood, I made a sale, paid my debts and again took wife and children and started the fourth time. I rented a farm one year until I could fix up a place I had bought, to save renting. We lived on this farm about six years and by doing a large part myself, we built a new schoolhouse, much needed. I organized and conducted a Sunday School in it in which I delighted, and which also supported and employed my mind and strengthened me in my much-weakened condition.

Then we moved to our house and the three-acre lot which I improved into a nice and comfortable home and now, in making the fourth start, with a house full of children, three oldest girls and all needing clothes and schooling, I cut loose and took full control for a while. I bought another threshing machine and saw-mill, on credit, and even had to borrow money to pay the freight, got away from all and linked into it, when many times I was so weak and racked I had to hold to my lever to steady myself while the saw was going through the log. This was a desperate struggle and many times I was almost ready to give up and lay down my unfinished life. I owed $2,000 on my machinery and $2,500 on timber and bought a planer for $400, borrowed money from the bank, and two mules and harness and wagon, about $330 more and some other things which amounted altogether to about $5,500, and all had to be earned. Again the busy-bodies came

SALLIE *and* ANNIE HUFFMAN *at ages of ten and eight. Sallie (now Mrs. Archie M. Ruebush) celebrated her Golden Wedding Anniversary on October 22, 1940.*

in and tried to make trouble, but by hard work I began to get control of the situation and beat them until they looked like whipped dogs and I was not troubled any more. My former ambition returned and I ably defended myself. I was now master of my own business and ran it.

Here another serious problem had to be considered. After I got started fairly well, I built a five-room house and had my family with me and doing all they could to help me along between school, but they were growing up faster than the county schools were educating them. What was to be done? We talked it over and over and finally I determined to build in Staunton, Virginia, against the wishes of the better half, and went to town and bought a lot for $700 and built a tolerably good house on it. As soon as we could conveniently do so, we moved to town. This made me a target for more hot-shots from our friends, but they did not take effect.

After moving to town, the whole family soon became fond of the place and did not care to leave there. If I had consulted my own personal feelings, I would not have built a house in town at this time, for this added about $2,000 to my indebtedness and I did not want to be cooped up in town, but it was all that was left for me to do, for the good and general welfare of our children. I still kept busy in the woods and mountains, and succeeded in business much better after getting away and cutting loose from those who were running me and my business, and taking charge myself. I was still suffering from my breakdown on the

farm and my dyspepsia, which lasted about eight years, and the hard work nearly laid me up again. I once more sold my mill and stock and after some months or a year, I had to take it back for what I could get, as I did the sale before, and again lost heavily by it. I wanted and needed rest.

All these ups and down among pretended friends prove my wisdom conclusively of going entirely away and out of reach and settling among strangers, where with half the energy and work I could have been independent. My whole life was blighted when the better half said, "I don't want to leave my mother so far," though she promised me before marriage to go. Well, I yielded. After we got well underway at Lyndhurst, I found a large scope of country there and mostly poor people who could not go to church on account of the distance. I thought there was an opening for some good to be accomplished and wanted to build a church, but those who were able were not willing to do anything, and I was not able to build it. But their refusals did not bluff me. I organized a Sunday School in a little log schoolhouse, with slab benches, and worked along the best I could with a gloomy prospect, but kept on talking church to the people.

After being here about two years or more, Brother Cackley, a Methodist minister, came to see me. I told him he was the first preacher I had seen and that I was really glad to see him and wanted a little help to build a church, as there was a good opening, but the people were so cold and indifferent they would not take hold, and that I had a little Sunday School and

was working and pressing my claims for a church. "Well," he said, "I will stick by you and preach in the afternoon, occasionally." This he did, but with little effect or encouragement. He said, "I'll give you a quarterly meeting. That will rouse them." They were still cold and obstinate. "Well," he said, "we will have a protracted meeting in the woods." I did not favor that much on account of mosquitoes and told him I thought I could get the old freight depot, as it was not used much, but he said he preferred the woods. It went on for some time before he could get time from his other work, and it began to be too cold. One day I got a card from him saying "Get the depot at once, I am ready." I wrote a nice letter to the railroad company at Roanoke explaining everything and asking for the use of it, which they promptly granted with a few provisos. I took some men and fixed up some plank and slab seats, but most of the seats were made of one railroad tie laid on top of another, and there was a store box for the Bible and lamp and some lamps around the wall. It was a large building and accommodated several hundred people. We commenced and the meeting grew better and better and larger, until the house was packed and some were on the outside. All denominations attended for five miles around and enjoyed the meeting. This was one of the best-conducted revival meetings I ever attended, with good preaching, good singing, and was an all-around good meeting. It lasted four weeks; there were forty conversions and all the old members of all names and orders were revived into new life with copious showers of blessings.

The new church movement took form and was supported by all and pushed rapidly to completion and a nice little church, 30 x 45, with Gothic windows and doors adorned the small village of Lyndhurst, with regular preaching from the time it was built. Many members of my Sunday School were among the converts and I felt amply repaid for all the hard labor of my part of the work. It seemed as though continued, untiring efforts would succeed and my purpose would be accomplished. This was the fifth place where I had organized a Sunday School and the greater number in each school were converted and brought into the church. We continued to use the depot for religious services until the new church was completed. The old depot, seats and everything, was crude and rough, but I never saw people enjoy a meeting more.

After about five years here, one cold December morning, with about ten inches of snow on the ground, we loaded up and moved to Staunton and immediately put our children in a nine-months' school where we kept them going regularly. It was the best thing I ever did for the children and family, for here were good schools, good churches and good social conditions. We had a good garden, a lot for corn and potatoes, a nice lot of fruit (apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes and berries) and a nice, level playground, piano-organ and a croquet set. "Yes, he's got a little start again and gone to town to spend it." Such bombshells as this were hurled at me, but with little effect. I did as well with my Lyndhurst job as I expected, but I worked too hard and ran my health down.

We remained at this place about twenty years. I began to look around for another job. I made a trip down to Fluvanna and took the genuine grippe and was out several days and it came near to finishing me. I finally bought timber below Clifton Forge and moved my mill there and ran that place about five years. Here was a fine lot of timber, but about the time I got started, well, the timber commenced dying and never stopped until it was all dead. I also had much trouble here getting my lumber out on account of the river, until we got a good iron bridge. I was nearly through, however, when we got the bridge. It was through my efforts that the bridge was built.

The first snowfall came about the 17th of December, 1890. It commenced snowing about two o'clock in the afternoon and by morning the snow was two and a half feet deep, everywhere on the level. This was the deepest snowfall of my experience—thirty inches. Large bodies of timber rotted and spoiled here before I could work it up. When the big snow was on, I stayed there alone to take care of my stock, eight head. This place was about three miles from a settlement, therefore I did not have a chance for a Sunday School. There were a great many deer and some bears at this place. They could be seen in groups of two, three, four and five. Once, a deer came near the mill about eight o'clock in the morning and stood and looked at the men, until one came to the house and got the gun. He crossed over the branch and fired at the deer before he ran, but we had nothing but squirrel shot which was useless to shoot. One night two bears got in our corn

patch and destroyed a lot of it. I watched for them about a week, but they did not come to my patch, but to Broughman's field. I often saw deer while walking through the woods, but never killed one. I had only a shotgun and would not shoot unless I was sure of killing. One man was out one day looking for deer, and saw four in a group. He fired at one with a Winchester and it fell. He kept on until the four had fallen, but one got up and left. He brought the three out by the mill. I was too sympathetic.

One day I felt very bad and could not keep from work, so long as I was about it, so walked through the brush, watching and ready to fire, but being weak and sick I sat down on a big, wide rock to rest, hanging my feet down over the rock which was seven or eight feet high. After a few minutes' rest, I thought I would fill my pipe and smoke. I had my gun lying across my lap. As I struck the match and applied it to my pipe, a fine deer jumped up in front of me. I thought he would be too far away before I could get ready and did not want to lose the match, too, so I kept on puffing at my pipe. Another time I tried it again and was soon tired and went to see if they were using the lick. I thought I would use another circuit. Here in the hollow the gnats came in great swarms and I was fanning them from my face with my old, straw hat. As I raised my head a very fine deer was loping along in front of me. I thought he would get too far for buckshot, so I kept on fanning the gnats. I often jumped them close to me when I did not have a gun.

While I was here, a great many deer and some bears

were killed by large hunting parties that camped a week at a time. Very often, also, I was teased and begged into buying some boom lots, entirely against my will, but with positive promise to return my money in a few weeks with profit. I could have built several houses with this cash money that was never returned. Counting all my lost claims and hindrances, I saved up and built some houses, the rents from which I thought would keep the family.

CHAPTER XIX

# A Short Sketch of the Huffman Ancestors

I AM sorry I cannot give a better account of our ancestors. Procrastination is said to be the thief of time. Anyhow, in this case I will give the best account I can—that is all anyone else can do.

My great-grandfather, George Huffman, and grandfather, Daniel Huffman, emigrated from Germany to some county on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge and later bought farms adjoining each other and moved to them, which formed our old place near Alma, Page County, Virginia, and the late Jackson Shular Farm where my great-grandfather lived. Great-grandfather lived in a house just back of the present house, died there and was buried in a little graveyard between the two farms and back several hundred yards from the road, the graves being marked only by a little native stone. Grandfather owned and lived on the adjoining place and reared his family there—three sons and four daughters—and at the age of about seventy was drowned while crossing the river and was buried beside great-grandfather. It was not known exactly how this happened as he was alone.

Grandmother, his wife, was Catherine Bumgard (which was probably changed later to Bumgardner) Huffman. She lived to a good old age, probably ninety or more, and died at Aunt Anna Huffman's (her daughter) and was buried in the little graveyard beside her husband. Aunt Anna Huffman lived by the toll

gate, about one mile north of our old home. I was well acquainted with grandmother and remember her very well.

Their oldest son, Uncle Adam, lived about Newmarket and died before I had any acquaintance with him or his wife. They are both buried in the south end of Newmarket in a cemetery near the road—the graves are not marked. I had only a slight acquaintance with two or three of his children and don't know much of the family. Most of them went West. Their third son, my youngest uncle, Isaac Huffman, when I first remember him, lived on Naked Creek on the Rockingham Side, a near neighbor to us. He was a very kind, loving husband, a devoted Christian father, a regular church member and was a good provider. His wife, Aunt Sallie Mauck Huffman, was a noble, Christian woman and a devoted mother to her nine children (one dead), four boys and five girls.

Three of their sons were in the army. One died near Manassas in the hospital and was a good young man and my chum and playmate many years. The oldest son was a lieutenant in our company a portion of the time, but was sick, so he did not serve much. The third son was in the army a short while and is now living near Luray. The youngest son was very large and died at home, near Luray, at the age of forty-eight.

The oldest daughter married Joseph Murray and lived on a part of the Forge Farm, one and a half miles below Luray. One daughter of Murray's married W. F. Mauck, who bought and lives in their home

place. The oldest daughter married Bishop Strickler and lives on the river, three miles from Luray. One son lives in Kansas, two in Washington, one in Maryland and several died. Joseph Murray died at his home, January 25, 1901, aged 71 years. Mrs. Murray, his wife, died May 10, 1906, aged 71 years.

My Uncle Isaac bought this Forge Farm during the war and moved on it, cutting off a part for his son-in-law, Murray, and the oldest daughter. Uncle and Aunt lived and died here in 1881 and 1886, each being 71 years of age at death. A single daughter, Sally, died at the age of 52. The second daughter, Mary Jane, married Dal Slusher and died at the age of 27, leaving three children. Another daughter, Ellen, married Thomas Heaston, who lives on and owns the old home. They have no children. Liddie, the youngest daughter, is now living with Homer Murray near Washington. Andrew married a Miss Loller and they have no children. J. P. H. died 1908, aged 70 years.

My father, Ambrose Huffman, was the second son of grandfather Daniel Huffman, born of German parents at our old home near Alma, Page County, Virginia. He was ambitious, energetic and ingenious and a consistent member of the new school Lutheran Church; a kind, gentle, husband and a devoted and loving father. He died January 19, 1862, aged 57 years, 11 months and 12 days (from typhoid-pneumonia caused by exposure during a trip down to camp) and was buried in the home cemetery on Naked Creek. My father married Christina Strole, born of German parents near the bend of the river, between Newport

and Grove Hill Bridge on Cub Run. To say she was a dutiful, devoted wife and a kind and loving mother does not half-way express it. Though we got a licking sometimes, it was not her fault but ours. Even then, we did not get justice. To estimate the worth of a good and true Christian mother is incomprehensible. There were ten children born to her, one dying in infancy, four girls and five boys living to manhood and womanhood. Mother lived to a good old age and died at Rebecca's, her daughter, on Naked Creek, aged 86 years, 2 months, some days. If she had not been taken from her home, I think she would have been a centenarian.

My sister Elizabeth never married, and died in 1894 aged 61 years, 13 days.

My brother David married Sarah Blosser, daughter of Daniel Blosser and wife, of Blosserville or Stony Man, and they are now living in Green Ford, Ohio. David was in the army a part of the time. They reared ten children, four boys and six girls, all married and doing well. The oldest son-in-law died from overweight, excessive flesh and fat, leaving one daughter and a wife.

My sister Rebecca married Wilson Carrier, who died at his home on Naked Creek, March 9, 1894, aged 73. She still lives on the old home place. They reared four children, one boy and three girls. One or two children died in infancy. All are married and doing well. There are twenty-eight grandchildren—nothing like it.

This comes down to the humble writer, who mar-

ried Mary E. Henton, only daughter of Silas and Sallie Henton of near Antioch Church, Rockingham County, Virginia. She was like many others who are the only girls in a large family, petted and spoiled. Yet she was a good, business-like, energetic, kind, loving, affectionate and Christian companion, but like myself in not quite having perfect control of temper. Nine living children were born to us, three boys and six girls.

My oldest son, Gilbert, married Miss Munday and lives in Roanoke. My second son, Oscar C., married Lucy Preston Beale. Both girls were from Buchanan. The Mundays have no children. The second son has two children, a girl and a boy, and lives in Cincinnati. My third son, Michael, is single and lives in Cincinnati.

The oldest daughter, Sally, married A. M. Ruebush of Weyers Cave. They have no children. The other five daughters are single and live in Washington, D. C. —Nora B., Mabel F., Gertrude E., Annie L., and Lola R. (Lola later married Dr. Warren D. Brush and they have two children).

My sister Eliza married John B. Monger and now lives four miles west of Roanoke. Eight children were born to them, six girls and two boys, one dying at two or three years of age. One girl died after marriage to Charles Campbell, leaving a little boy baby. Myra married Charles Driver and lives in Roanoke. She was blessed with three children. Bessie married Mr. Arlington who had two children and they now have two more. Three single girls are at home.

Isaac Huffman married Miss Strickler of near Luray.

They had nine children, four boys and five girls. One boy died of scarlet fever. The boys are all married but two lost their wives and one married again. Three girls are married and two are at home, single, in Luray.

Brother Isaac died below Luray, aged about 43.

My sister, Mary C., single, lived to the age of 40. She was crippled in one foot at the age of five, and never fully recovered from it.

My brother Franklin married Miss Stanley and now lives in Staunton. They were parents of ten living children and two dead, one at the age of one year and the other when three or four years of age. Four boys and six girls are living. Three boys and four girls are married; one boy and two girls are single. The youngest, Luther, married Mary Lamb and they now live at Eggleston, Virginia. They have seven living children and two dead. Two are married and five single.

There were four sisters of my father. One married Adam Olinger and lived near Newmarket on a farm which he owned. He trapped bears in the Massanutton Mountains, when they were plentiful, and one time a bear had pulled or gnawed its foot off and in getting it out of the trap it caught his thumb. He died in a few days—I think of lockjaw—and was buried in the Lutheran Church Cemetery, near Newmarket. Aunt Eva, his wife, was a noble, good old lady whom everybody highly respected. They had one son and about five daughters who were married, one dying single. The son, Isaac, died during the war, about twenty-eight years of age. Isaac married Sarah Loudenback who is still living in Newmarket with one of her

daughters. She married Mr. Gard as a second husband and is now a widow for the second time. Aunt Eva died in 1871 at a good old age, probably 70.

Aunt Peggy married Steven Price and lived a half a mile north of the old home on the road now known as The Pike. They reared four or five children who I think are living in Shenandoah County below Newmarket, except one daughter who died single. Aunt Peggy was also a kind, loving wife and mother.

Aunt Anna was also an exceptionally kind and loving woman, who was never married.

Aunt Peggy and Uncle Steven were taken up and buried at Alma Church. Uncle Tom Gooden married one aunt and the two were neighbors to us on Naked Creek, but later sold out and went, I think, to West Virginia. I can't remember much about them, as I was young. Isaac Gooden was a son and lived in East Rockingham and reared a family, some of whom are living. This ends the sketch of the Huffman uncles and aunts.

CHAPTER XX

# A Sketch of the Strole Ancestors and Relatives

FROM the best information I can get, grandfather Christian Strole came here from Germany in the British Army, during the Revolutionary War and was captured one day while straggling from camp by American Cavalry. Also two Huffman companions were captured. This information I obtained from parties in no way interested and it was voluntary and endorsed by a near relative. After the war, when liberated, he liked this country (in fact I think it was a scheme by many to get over here to this new country) and settled in Pennsylvania a short time, and later moved to Page County between Newport and Grove Hill Bridge where he bought a good-sized tract of land and lived out his natural life there.

He married a Miss Kiser in Pennsylvania or soon after coming here and three sons and seven daughters were born to them. He lived to a good old age and died March 18, 1841. He and his wife were buried in a little graveyard on the hill, not far from the old home. His wife, Elizabeth, our grandmother, lived to be old and died in 1851, aged about 90.

Uncle Jake was the oldest son who served in the War of 1812 and represented the country in the legislature and was highly respected. He married Miss Kibler, and lived only one-fourth of a mile from the old home. They were blessed with fifteen children who

scattered out, some going West. All are dead now, except one or possibly two, leaving a large number of descendants.

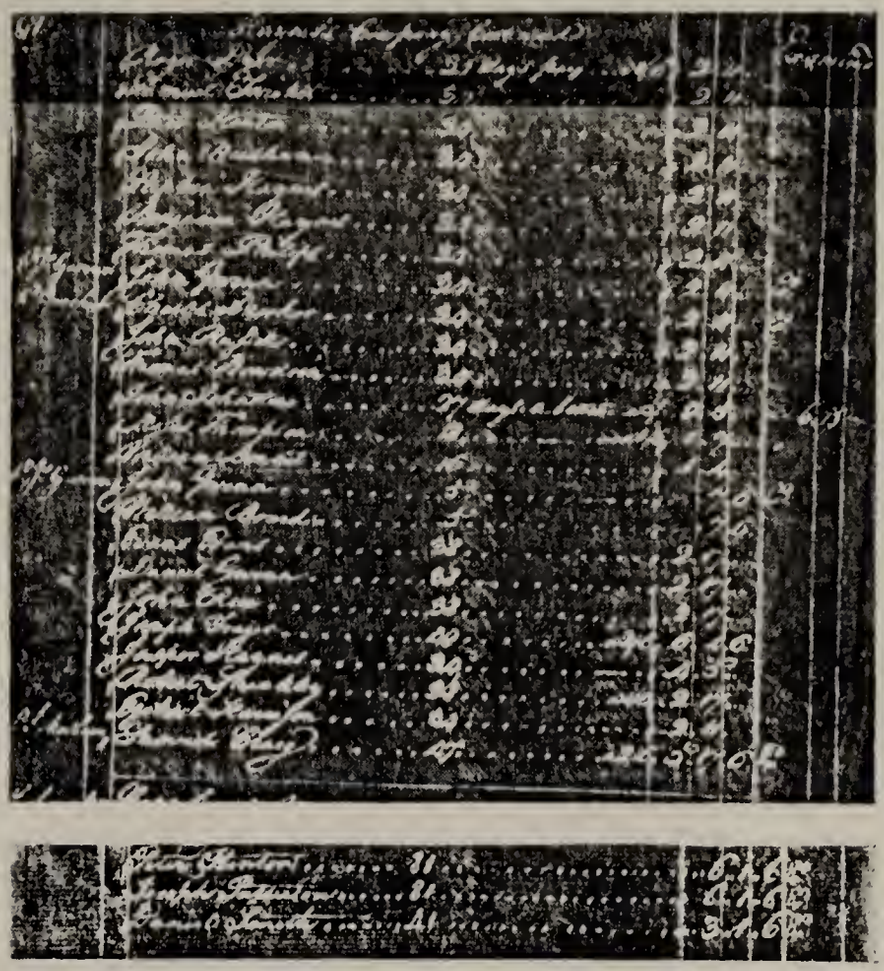
Uncle John built and lived just at the foot of the hill, a stone's throw from the old home. He married Miss Drucilla Graves, an estimable, loving woman who was the mother of twelve children who also scattered and occupied many of the states. The descendants were numerous, but only one of their children is now living somewhere in the West. Uncle John and his family were all highly respectable, as far as I knew them. He died at his home, September 23, 1868, aged 77 years. Mother and myself went and saw him laid to rest in the little graveyard on the hill. Aunt Drucilla, after his death, went to some of her children and died and was buried out there.

I omitted to give the death of Uncle Jake, which occurred June 13, 1860, aged 70 years, 11 months and 12 days. Aunt Eve, his wife, died April 2, 1882, aged 81 years and 5 months. These two old people talked so quickly and rapidly that it would apparently take two men and a boy to keep up with them. Both are buried in the little graveyard on the hill.

Uncle George was the youngest son and married Aunt Katy Jourdan and lived and died in the old home on the hill. Uncle George was an excellent, good, lovable father and husband, and was kind to all and respected by all who were fortunate enough to know him. Aunt Katy was also a model wife and mother, who gave birth to eleven children, but only reared nine—three daughters and six boys. Two

daughters and two sons are dead and four sons and one daughter are living; the wife of Albert Huffman, near Honeyville; one son at the old home; one at Pleasant Valley, Rockingham; one in Texas and one in Kansas. Uncle George died May 4, 1881, aged 66 years and 10 months. Aunt Katy died August 12, 1885, aged 74 years, 10 months.

All the old people were members of the Lutheran Church and attended church regularly. There were seven sisters; one married David Strickler and soon died. Two married William Graves, the first one dying soon. One married Samuel Comer and one, Kibler—brother to Uncle Jake's wife; one, Holtsman and one, Christina, married my father, Ambrose Huffman, and was a devoted wife and mother. These old people have all passed away and others are following on.



FROM THE RECORDS OF MEN PAID BY VIRGINIA FOR MILITARY SERVICE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

*The third line from the top reads:*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PETER HENTON | 34 | 2:11 |

*The third line from the bottom reads:*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PETER HENTON | 81 | 6:1:6 |

CHAPTER XXI

# A Little Sketch of the Hintons and Hentons

I HAVE failed to ascertain the nationality of the Hintons, although I have searched the family records, old graveyards, and made inquiries of the oldest people in the land with little information. The original Henton of the generation here must have come from England or it may be they were Scotch-Irish—I will leave the reader to judge. I find Peter Hinton came here from somewhere, unless he fell from a cloud as little frogs do, and settled down about nine miles below Harrisonburg on Smith Creek, just a little way above Frank Armentrout's Mill, about one-fourth of a mile, in a small-sized house. Here he reared a family of seven boys and one girl. He owned 450 acres of land around him. Land at that day was not worth as much as it is now. He either brought his wife with him, or married her here and lived out his allotted time at this place. I find in the little graveyard, now almost obliterated, the headstone with lines cut across but no inscription. By the side of this grave is a marble slab bearing the name Polly Hinton, born August 31, 1762, and died August 7, 1834, consort of Peter Hinton. She was undoubtedly his wife. His age and death were no doubt written on the lines cut across the stone but are now illegible. Large locust and other trees have grown up over and among the graves, which are rapidly going to destruction. Their only

daughter married Jacob Barley who was a well-to-do and respectable man. One of his grandsons is now a Judge in Alexandria and Milton Carrier married in this family. Also Barley of Buchanan is from this family.

The seven sons were Peter, Thomas, Davis, Evan, William, Jesse and Mose. These were all stout and fearless men. Mose was reckless and sometimes rowdy and never did much good. David moved to what is now West Virginia and located on New River at what is now called Hinton, on the C. & O. R.R. He moved and settled there before the railroad was built and the town took his name. Evan went West and came back and settled about Taylor Springs. Bob Cox married one of his daughters and Henry Cox of Bridgewater is a son of Bob and others around are descendants. There are a great many Hintons and Hentons. The "i" was changed to "e" somewhere, but just what families made this change, I did not learn, except that Silas Henton always spelled his name with the "e" in place of "i." Peter, a son of the original Peter, lived in the Smith Creek section and married the widow of Laten Yancey, who was a sister to Price and Henry Moyers of Green County, prominent farmers and store owners. Henry Moyers kept a wagon yard and built a house with a chimney for the convenience of wagoners. I always made that one of my camping places. Bob Yancey, who lived on the Shenandoah River in the Elkton section, and several others were sons of this Mrs. Laten Yancey, later wife of Peter Hinton, Jr.

The latter was a farmer and stock dealer. Frank

Armentrout, now an old man, married Peter Hinton, Jr.'s, daughter, Mary Jane, and lives at Armentrout's mill and owns all the old original Peter's land and more. His wife has been dead some years. There were other members of Peter Jr.'s family.

William Hinton was also a farmer but was not very successful. Thomas Hinton was a large, stout man and a kind of bully, in for anything. He prided himself in manhood. He married a Miss Strage, from near Newmarket, and lived near Frank Armentrout's and died on a small place of about twelve acres (in a small-sized house) and was buried in the little graveyard where his father and most of the old Hintons were buried. He and his brother Mose were too fond of "tea" and never did much for their families. I had some acquaintance with Mose, the youngest brother. He sometimes came to Page County. The other brothers were good and prosperous business men.

Thomas Hinton, then, was the father of Silas Hinton. The others were uncles of Silas Hinton and old Peter, Sr., his grandfather. Peter Hinton, Jr., had a fine six-horse team that was kept on the road continually. Silas drove this team and after a time bought a half-interest in it. He made many trips to Chattanooga and one to Nashville, Tennessee, being on the road a month at a time. Sometimes he made trips to Baltimore. After a time he married Miss Sallie Andes and went to farming and finally bought a farm near Antioch Church, where he put new modern buildings and suffered many heavy losses. Just after building a fine, large barn, it was burned by the Federal army and

also much livestock of different kinds was taken or killed.

He reared five children, four boys and one daughter, Mary E., who became the wife of the writer.

The sons were Calvin, John, Thomas and Albert. Calvin married Miss Fisher and has a farm several miles north of Keezletown. John married Miss Rhodes, Edom, Virginia. Thomas married Miss Driver near Singers Glenn and Albert married Miss Lizzie Byrd, Antioch. John owns a farm and lives at Buena Vista. Thomas died in Florida and was buried at Antioch. He was born May 14, 1858, and died January 30, 1891, aged 32 years, 8 months. They had no children and his widow married a Methodist Preacher and remained in Florida. Albert owns a good home and lives in Dayton. Mary E., my wife, died at home in Staunton, April 28, 1903, aged 56 years, 4 months, 23 days. Silas Henton sold his farm for $12,000 and before his personal sale, died—March 11, 1888. He was born April 30, 1815; aged 72 years, 10 months and 11 days when he died. Sally, his wife, lived around among her children. She was born October 6, 1823, and died at John's, Buena Vista, September 11, 1896, aged nearly 73 years. They, Silas, his wife and son, are buried at Antioch cemetery. Mary E. is buried in Thorn Rose Cemetery, Staunton. Mrs. Henton was a loving woman.

Mr. Henton had four sisters. Two moved to Tennessee and died there, I was told; one married Jacob Strays and (well, I am not certain). There is a little army of Hintons, all having sprung from old great-

grandfather, Peter, that would take much space and time to enumerate. But I think all the Hintons and Hentons in this section of the country were descendants of old, great-grandfather Peter Hinton of Smith's Creek.

The estate that old great-grandfather owned would now bring thirty-five, forty, or perhaps fifty thousand dollars. It was mostly fine land. He may have laid the patent on it.

THE END

OSCAR C. HUFFMAN
*publisher of this book.*

# A Biographical Note on the Author's Son

Oscar C. Huffman, President for ten years of Continental Can Company, Inc., on February 1st became Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Company's Board of Directors.

Mr. Huffman was born in Augusta Co., Virginia, of old colonial ancestry on both sides.

He received his early education in the grade schools of Staunton, finishing up at Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Va., where he later received an honorary degree and is today a member of its Board of Trustees.

His first contact with the business world was as Secretary to Henry St. George Tucker, at that time a member of Congress from Virginia.

In 1903 he organized the Virginia Can Company and became its President and a few years later moved to Cincinnati, where he organized and became President of the United States Can Company, which Company in 1928 was merged with Continental Can Company, Inc., of which Mr. Huffman became Vice-President and a year later, its President.

During the World War he served in an executive capacity in the Ordinance Department of the National Government.

In 1907 he married Lucy Preston Beale, of Buchanan, Va., and the couple have two children, Lucy Preston (now Mrs. Ralph Christie Smith) and Oscar Beale Huffman.

He holds membership in the following Clubs: Uni-

# A Biographical Note on the Author's Son

Glen E. Hudson, President of the firm of Continental Oil Company, Inc., in Houston, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the company's board of directors.

Mr. Hudson was born in Augusta Co., Virginia, of colonial ancestry on both sides.

He received his early education in the public schools of Staunton, Virginia, after which he attended Washington & Lee University in Lexington. He later received an honorary degree and a scholarship at the Board of Trustees.

His first contact with the petroleum world was as secretary to Henry M. Dunn, Trustee, at that time a member of Congress from Virginia.

In 1929 he organized the Virginia Oil Company and became its President and a few years later moved to Houston, where he organized and became President of the Central States Oil Company, which Company in turn was merged with Continental Oil Company, Inc., of which Mr. Hudson became Vice President and later became its President.

During the World War he served in an executive capacity in the Petroleum Department of the National Government.

He was in national Lady Fraser Steele, of Houston, Va., and the couple have two children, Luke Hudson (now Mrs. Ralph Clayton Smith) and Oscar Hall Hudson.

He holds membership in the following Clubs: Uni-

versity, Links, Union League, Cloud, Piping Rock, of New York, and the Country Club of New Canaan, Conn., where he lives and where he indulges in his twin hobbies—fruit-growing and farming.

EZEKIEL MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE DEAD, *Arlington National Cemetery. The Monument with all its figures is of bronze. No other monument entirely of bronze approximating this in size is believed to exist in America. The broad base is of polished granite. The altitude of the whole structure is 32½ feet.*

CONCLUSION

# About the Writings of My Father's Memoirs

*By Oscar C. Huffman*

In the year 1912 when my father was seventy-two years of age I suggested that he write the story of his life, making a record for future generations of his boyhood days, his Civil War experiences and all of the family history he could obtain.

He accepted the idea and took it very seriously, as he did everything in life. In order to do this right he said he ought to have an automobile. After obtaining this he learned to drive it himself and drove all over the State of Virginia, visiting the battlefields, the burying grounds, and talking with the old and young people wherever he thought any information could be gotten.

His education consisted of two or three months in a country school for several years, where he learned to read and write and, as he states, do a little ciphering. The balance of his education came later in life from reading newspapers, other periodicals and the Bible.

One of the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* saw this manuscript and requested the privilege of publishing a part of it which was done in the April, 1939, issue, under the title of "Prisoner of War—A Confederate Soldier's Story." The same editor suggested "Ups and Downs of A Confederate Soldier" as a title for the

book, and said that James Huffman showed considerable natural literary ability.

The outstanding characteristic of my father, as I remember him, was his tenacity of purpose. If he started to do anything he would do it or die in the attempt. When he laboriously wrote in longhand the manuscript for this book, he stuck doggedly to it for more than a year until it was finished.

In the face of great hardships and many adversities, as told about in this book, the author did succeed in raising a large family, feeding and clothing them, at the same time seeing that they all received a fair education.

The last few years of my father's life were spent largely in looking after the Old Confederate Veterans, the ranks of which had dwindled to a very small number.

On April 14, 1922, he again laid down his arms and passed on to join the ranks of those gone before. In accordance with his request he was buried in the Confederate Section of the Arlington National Cemetery at Fort Myer, Virginia.

This National Cemetery was originally General Lee's old home place and was taken over by the Federal Government during the Civil War. A circular plot of land containing about two acres has been set aside for the burial of Confederate soldiers dying in the District of Columbia or nearby vicinity. In the centre of this circle stands the beautiful bronze monument designed by Sir Moses Ezekiel and erected in the year 1914 by the Daughters of the Confederacy. This is one

of the largest all-bronze monuments in the world and the sculptor has written in bronze a great deal of the history of the South.

INSCRIPTIONS. The frontal inscription is the text from Isaiah, out of which the conception of the artist grew and which was selected by him. "They have beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks." On another face is "To our Dead Heroes—by—The United Daughters of the Confederacy" and "Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

The other beautiful inscription, which is on the north side is:

"Not for fame or reward
Not for place or rank
Not lured by ambition,
Or goaded by necessity;
But in simple
Obedience to duty,
As they understood it,
These men suffered all,
Sacrificed all,
Dared all—and died."

Around the monument sleep 450 old Confederate veterans, forming a guard of honor, as it were, of this symbol of the Old South.

My mother, the only daughter of Silas Hinton, a prominent farmer living in Rockingham County, Virginia, left her home as my father's bride in the year 1866, right after the Valley of Virginia had been devastated by four years of Civil War. A few years later the home was filled with young children and thus began the hard struggle against tremendous obstacles for

food, clothing and the preservation of life. In addition to this already large family of nine children, a girl, Delia Mooberry, and a boy, Billy Prophs, were taken in and raised along with the others.

My mother's first thought through the years was the welfare of her children. No sacrifice was too great in order that the children might have clothes for school as well as church and Sunday school. She taught them the difference between right and wrong and her one ambition was that they might grow up to be fine Christian men and women. It was, therefore, not out of duty but through devotion that I wrote the dedication to her which appears in the front of this book.

My father did not have access to state and county records when writing the history of his and my mother's family. Since this book will be distributed largely to relatives, I have had a genealogist search the Virginia State and County records to trace back as far as possible the history of these two families in Virginia. The following pages represent the result of this research and it is hoped will prove interesting to their descendants.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM RADFORD BEALE
CONFEDERATE STATE ARMY
*(Father of Mrs. Oscar C. Huffman)*

CAPTAIN WILLIAM RODGERS, U.S.N.
LOUISIANA STATE NAVY
(reproduced from Dawson's Monthly)

# Appendix

## Genealogical Notes and Reference Material on Huffman and Henton Families

THE families of *Ballard, Beale, Bumgardner, Hinton, Huffman, Preston,* and *Smith* are well known to students of Virginia history.

The *Ballards* and the *Smiths* and the *Hintons* were all here with the first settlers. They were important from the beginning and have continued to produce great men.

The *Bumgardners* and *Huffmans* came to this country in the early German migration of 1713. The Germans in this section are partly responsible for the fact that the Valley of Virginia is the Garden Spot of the state.

The *Preston* family has furnished Governors as well as a number of other men prominent in the civic life of the state and nation.

# HUFFMAN FAMILY CHART

1ST GENERATION

*John Henry Huffman*
b. Germany, Siegen ca. 1675–1690
d. 1772
Culpeper County
Came to Virginia 1714
m.
1st. Katherina Haeger
b.
d.
m.
2nd.

2ND GENERATION

Agnes Huffman
Anna Catherine Huffman
John Huffman

*Children by second wife*
Frederick Huffman
Nicholas Huffman
Michael Huffman
Jacob Huffman
Paul Huffman
William Huffman

*George Huffman*
b. ca. 1743
d. after 1803 (Tax-Madison)
m.

Henry Huffman
Dilman (Tilman) Huffman
Margaret Huffman
Mary Huffman
Elizabeth Huffman

3RD GENERATION

*Daniel Huffman*
b. 1764
d. 1834
m. 1790
Margaret (Cath.) Bimgard (Bumgardner)
b. 1765–1770
d. 18—

4TH GENERATION

Adam Huffman

*Ambrose Huffman*
b. 1805
d. 1862
m. Christina Strole
b. 1807
d. 1893

Anna Huffman
Unmarried

*Ambrose Huffman*
b. 1805
d. 1862
m. Christina Strole

5TH GENERATION

Elizabeth Huffman
b. 1845 (Census 1870)
d. 1894 unmarried
David Huffman
m. Sarah Blosser
Rebecca Huffman
m. Wilson Carrier
Isaac Huffman
b. 1847 (Census)
*James Huffman*
b. 1840
d. 1922
m.
*Mary E. Henton*
b. 1847—Census
d.
Franklin Huffman
b. 1849
m. Miss Stanley
Mary C. Huffman
b. 1854
Luthur Huffman
b. 1856
m. Mary Lamb
Eliza Huffman
m. John B. Munger

*James Huffman*
b. 1840
d. 1922
m. Mary E. Henton
b. 1847
d. 1903

6TH GENERATION

Sallie C. Huffman
m. A. M. Ruebush
Annie L. Huffman
(Deceased)
Mabel F. Huffman
Gilbert M. Huffman
m. Pearl Mundy
*Oscar C. Huffman*
b.
d.
m. Lucy Preston Beale
b.
d.
Nora B. Huffman
Gertrude E. Huffman
Michael S. Huffman
Lola R. Huffman
m. Warren D. Brush

| 6TH GENERATION | 7TH GENERATION | 8TH GENERATION |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Sallie C. Huffman<br>m. A. M. Ruebush | | |
| Annie L. Huffman<br>(Deceased) | | |
| Mabel F. Huffman | | |
| Gilbert M. Huffman<br>m. Pearl Mundy | | |
| *Oscar C. Huffman*<br>m. Lucy Preston Beale | Lucy Preston Huffman<br>m. Ralph Christie Smith<br>*Oscar Beale Huffman* | Lucy Beale Smith<br>Benedict Smith |
| Nora B. Huffman | | |
| Gertrude E. Huffman | | |
| Michael S. Huffman | | |
| Lola R. Huffman<br>m. Warren D. Brush | Mary W. Brush<br>m. William Foster Stearns<br>Whitney Brush | |

GENEALOGY OF FISHBACK FAMILY, by Kemper. A paper-bound volume of 1926.

P. 2. "*John Hoffman,* another member of this Colony, had such a Bible. So much store was set by it that he provided in his will that it should remain with the eldest of his fourteen children the first year; pass to the second child for the next year, and so on, forever. If *John Hoffman* had such a Bible, doubtless his co-trustee and brother-in-law John Fishback had one."

Note: See *Hoffman's* will, Culpeper County, Virginia.

## HUFFMAN RECORD

FAUQUIER HISTORICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN, p. 127

The German Colony consisted upon its arrival in Virginia of forty-two persons, and in 1724 when living at Germantown, in the present Fauquier County, Virginia, they proved their importations in the County Court of Spottsylvania County in order to take up land under the Head-right Act. Their names were, among others, *John Huffman* (*John Henry Hoffman*) and wife Katherina . . . Milchert (Melchior) Brumback . . . Tilman Weaver, etc.

Ibid. P. 129.
The German Colonists were Protestants of the German Reformed Church . . . branch of the Presbyterian Church. Their Pastor, Reverend Henry Haeger, came in 1714. He was born circa 1644 in the principality of Nassau—Siegen—and was a son of Henry Haeger. He had been a teacher in the Latin School at Siegen, Germany, and was one of the best-educated men in the American Colony at that period.

## HUFFMAN FAMILY RECORD

The *Huffman* family comes of German stock, settled in Virginia as early as 1714. Much trouble was occasioned by the ship's Captain accepting money for passage from the Germans; and also from Spottswood. These good people valued education and cultivated the simple virtues that make a good home and great nation. They did not come to profiteer on each other but to help build this great country of ours into one cooperative nation.

Due to the sterling worth of the Saxon ancestors, England and America take their place in the vanguard of the world's great nations.

I. *John Henry Hoffman*—from Siegen, Germany, to Germanna, Spottsylvania County, 1714, in Virginia. Later at Germantown in Fauquier County, Virginia, called sometimes "of Stafford County." One of the most prominent of the German Colony, he married first a daughter of Reverend Haeger, the German Minister, one of the best-educated men in Virginia at that time.

*John Henry Hoffman* died in Culpeper County, Virginia, 1772. His will was executed in 1762 and probated August 17, 1772. He was a leader of the German Colony and German Reformed Church, having established a church of that denomination in Culpeper County, Virginia. This church became a strong rival of the Germantown Church. He is referred to in diaries of visiting Pennsylvania ministers as a wealthy and prominent citizen.

According to his will *John Hoffman* had the following children, three of whom were by his first wife and the other twelve by his second wife—(name unknown).

The children, mentioned as grandchildren by Pastor Haeger, were:

1. Agnes Hoffman (born prior to 1733)
2. Anna Catherine Hoffman (called Catherine by her father)
3. John Hoffman
4. Frederick Hoffman
5. Nicholas Hoffman
6. Michael Hoffman
7. Jacob Hoffman
8. Paul Hoffman
9. William Hoffman
10. GEORGE HOFFMAN
11. Henry Hoffman
12. Dilman (Tilman) Hoffman
13. Margaret Hoffman
14. Mary Hoffman
15. Elizabeth Hoffman

*John Hoffman* and wife, *Katherina,* were in Spottsylvania County as early as 1714, in the German Colony. Their proofs of right to take up lands there is recorded in Spottsylvania County Will Book "A," (*The Fishback Family,* by Kemper, p. 36), County Records, Vol. L, by Crozier.

All large tracts of land taken up by the German colonists were in the names of their three compatriots, *John Hoffman,* John Fishback and Jacob Holtzclaw, who were naturalized citizens. They, in turn, made leases to the other colonists. In 1718 these three men

took up the large tract of land upon which Germantown was later established and which then lay in Stafford County. After 1730 it was in Prince William and later still in Fauquier County, Virginia.

*John Hoffman* seceded from the Germantown congregation and established the rival church in Culpeper County, Virginia, across the river from the Germantown Colony. Whether this was Hoffman's Chapel in present Madison County is not shown. Hoffman's Chapel is said to have been built circa 1750, and is not so old as Old Hebron Church in that County. See Yowell's *Madison County.*

The deed of George Woods, alias Utz, to *John Hoffman* 1731, "in the Great Fork of the Rappahannock" shows that *John Hoffman* owned land in what was later Madison County before the formation of Orange, Culpeper or Madison Counties. The Great Fork of Rappahannock is in present Madison County.

II. *George Hoffman* (*Huffman*) was one of the youngest sons of *John Hoffman,* according to the enumeration in his will. He was a son of his father's second marriage. A number of German authorities refer to his mother as having lived to a great age—past 90.

*George Hoffman* owned lands in Madison, Augusta, and Rockingham Counties and perhaps other counties. His earlier lands in Madison would be of record in Culpeper County. His great-grandson says he owned lands in Page County in his last days where he died on a farm adjoining that of his son *Daniel Huffman,* and was buried in a family graveyard between the two farms.

III. *Daniel Huffman* of Alma vicinity, Page County, was born 1764 and died circa 1834, the victim of a mysterious drowning. He married *Margaret Bumgard* (*Bumgardner*) in Culpeper County (probably in the section later in Madison County) in 1790, according to that county's marriage bonds. His grandson says his wife's name was *Catherine.*

*Daniel Huffman*—302½ acres in Shenandoah County on Massanutten Mountain, 7th May, 1829.

1832 Page County Land Tax.

*Daniel Huffman*

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 28 | acres | on | South | River | 10 miles | west | of | Court House |
| 108 | " | " | " | " | 12 miles | " | " | " |
| 202½ | " | on | Massanuten | Mountain. | | | | |

Note: The land of *Daniel Huffman* lay in the part taken from Shenandoah County. Therefore, *Daniel Huffman* of Shenandoah and *Daniel Huffman* of Page are the same man.

*John Henry Hoffman* of Germanna of Fauquier County, who died in Culpeper County, had a son *George,* mentioned in his will, and

a brother of the elder *Hoffman* was in a Moravian Monastery in Pennsylvania.

See notes of Reverend Leonard Schnell's Diary.

THE FISHBACK FAMILY, by Kemper.

P. 36.

*John Hoffman* and *Katherina,* his wife, were in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, as early as 1714 in the German Colony, according to their proofs of right to take up land on record in that county. (Spottsylvania County, Virginia *Will Book "A."*) Members of the first German Colony to come to America—(Germanna).

Ibid. P. 38.

"Fishback, *Hoffman* and Rector married daughters of Pastor Haeger"—(the German Minister).

Ibid. P. 40.

"These Lutherans later, about 1724, went to Madison County, Virginia, and built Hebron Church."

Ibid. P. 41.

"John Fishback, *John Hoffman* and Jacob Holtzclaw were naturalized," and all the land grants made out to these three, and they made leases to the other colonists.

Ibid. P. 42.

*John Huffman* called "of Stafford County" in 1724.

Ibid. P. 43.

In 1718 Jacob Holtzclaw, *John Hoffman* and others made an entry of a large tract of land, known as Germantown, in Fauquier County.

Ibid. P. 46.

Germantown at this time was in Stafford County—after 1730 in Prince William County—after 1759 in Fauquier County. It was nine miles southeast of Warrenton, Virginia, on the tract known as "Northern Neck."

Ibid. P. 48.

This man Henry Haeger, who was too ill to preach longer at Oberfischbach in 1711, . . . who had left a comfortable home in Germany to come to the wilds of America in 1713, when in his 69th year; who was considered old in 1720, seems to have lived until 1737. He made his will in 1733 and it was probated in 1737. His will follows:

P. 48.

(Copy of Henry Haeger's will) (*Will Book "C,"* p. 108). . . . I, Henry Haeger, Minister of the Word of God, among the Germans

at Licking Run in Prince William County . . . very sick and weak but of perfect and sound memory, praised be God for the same. . . .

Imprimis; I give unto my loving wife *Anna Catharina,* all estate, goods, chattels, etc.

Item: After the decease of my wife *Anna Catharina* I will and ordain that all my estate, etc., . . . be then divided amongst my seven grandchildren

Anna Catharina Fishback
John Frederick Fishback
Elizabeth Fishback
Henry Fishback
Agnes Hoffman (1)
Anna Catharina Hoffman (2)
*John Hoffman* (3)

10 Aprilis Anno Domini, 1733.
Probated March 28, 1737.

H. Haeger Verbi Dei Minister (Seal)

Witnesses:
Jacob Holtzclaw
Johannes Jost Martin
Johannes Kemper

Ibid. P. 69.

*John Hoffman* seceded from the Germantown Colony at an early date and, with other Germans started a Reformed Church, just over the river in Culpeper County, and it was quite a rival of the Germantown Church.

Ibid. P. 69.

*Hoffman* had three children by *Anna Catharine Haeger* and after her death he remarried and had twelve children by his second wife. *Hoffman's* will was probated in Culpeper County August 17, 1772. He owned very large tracts of land in that county. His second wife must have been young when he married her, for she lived well into the Nineteenth Century. Whether or not she belonged to the Colony cannot now be told. *John Hoffman* left many descendants, scattered throughout Virginia and the West.

GENEALOGY OF FISHBACK FAMILY, by Kemper.

P. 2.

"*John Hoffman* had a much-prized Bible, which he provided in his will should remain with the eldest of his fourteen children the first year; pass to the second child for the next year, and so on, forever."

CULPEPER COUNTY MARRIAGES

| | |
|---|---|
| Jacob Huffman to Mary Floyd | 1786 |
| Joseph Huffman to Frances Payne | 1790 |
| *Daniel Huffman* to Margaret Bingard | 1790 |

HISTORY OF MADISON COUNTY, by Yowell.

P. 92.

*Huffman's* Chapel was in existence in Madison County in 1863.

Ibid. P. 98.

*Hoffman's* Chapel. "Little is known of its history nor of the congregation who worshipped there. It was originally a Presbyterian, or German Reformed Meeting-house. It is supposed to have been built between 1750 and 1770. . . . It is said some of the money for its erection was collected in Europe by Reverend Stoever and his associates for the Hebron Lutheran Church," etc.

Ibid. P. 44.

There are instances where grants are described as being in "the great fork of the Rappahannock" before the formation of Culpeper or Madison Counties. Among these, one to *John Hoffman* from George Woods (August 3, 1731).

Ibid. P. 147.

*George Huffman* (grantor), Michael Snyder (grantee) are shown on a list of deeds in 1792–1795.

Ibid. P. 160.

*Huffman's* mill was a voting precinct in Madison County in 1852.

## VIRGINIA LAND OFFICE

### NORTHERN NECK GRANTS, BOOK C, 1820–1829

*Daniel Huffman,* 302½ acres in Shenandoah.

William B. Giles, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia: To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting: Know Ye that in conformity with a survey made 9 Jan., 1828, by virtue of a Land Office Treasury warrant No. 6878, issued March 22nd, 1820, there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto *Daniel Huffman* a certain Tract or parcel of Land containing 302½ acres situate in the Co. of Shenandoah on the east side of Massanuten Mt. and bounded as followeth, to wit: Beginning at 2 chestnut oaks on the east side of a road a corner to the lands of Thomas Goaden, Jesse Gregsby and Adam Rinehart and extending from thence with said

Rinehart's lines S. 71° W. 323½ poles crossing said road to 3 black oaks, thence S. 38° W. 84 poles to 2 chestnuts and a black oak on a stoney Knowl; thence S. 45 E. 54 poles to 2 dogwoods and a poplar in a branch a corner to said Rhinehart and to Abraham Algiers land, thence with a line of said Algiers land S. 12½ E. 80½ poles to 2 white oaks on a ridge his corner, thence leaving his lines N. 84° W. 108½ poles to 3 pines on said ridge, thence N. 56¼ W. 98 poles to a stone pile on the side of Massanuten Mt., thence along the east side of the Mt. N. 40° E. 144 poles to 2 crooked chestnut oaks in a flat. Thence N. 50 W. 20 poles to a pile of stones near 2 marked pines, thence N. 40° E. 170 poles to 2 white oaks, a pine and a chestnut oak in a hollow, thence N. 71° E. 2, 200 poles to 4 chestnut oaks on a hill side and thence S. 41° E. 110 poles to beginning—

To have and to hold the said Tract or parcel of Land with its appurtenances, to the said *DANIEL HUFFMAN* and his heirs forever—

In witness whereof, the said William B. Giles, Esquire Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath hereunto set his hand and caused the lesser seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, 7 May, 1829, and the 53rd year of the Commonwealth,

WM. B. GILES

NORTHERN NECK GRANTS, BOOK E, 1838–1846

P. 93. *Ambrose Huffman*—David Campbell
50 Survey, 24 Feb., 1816—Treasury Land Office warrant No. 5650.

Delivered to Col. McPherson 22 Dec., 1841 } Tract of 50 acres situate in Page Co., on northwest side of the south fork of the Shenandoah, bounded as follows: Beginning at a large chestnut oak, formerly a chestnut oak and a white oak sapling, corner to the tract of a land taken up by Colin Micham now owned by Stephen Price: also corner to the land of Ruben Long, deceased, thence running with a line of Stephen Price land, S. 3½ W. 208 poles to a stake in a line of *Ambrose Huffman's* land corner to the lands of said Stephen Price, thence running with said *Ambrose Huffman's* line N. 35¾ E. 24, 4 poles to a pine and white oak sapling on the south side of a hill corner to the lands of said *Huffman's,* thence running with . . .

# HENTON FAMILY CHART

**1ST GENERATION**

*William Henton*
b.
d. 1779—Will Rockingham County
m.
*Mary*
b.
d. 1802 (Tax)

**2ND GENERATION**

1. Joseph Henton
   b.
   d. 1780—Killed by Indians
   (Heir to William)
   Eldest son
2. Thomas Henton
   (Under 21, 1780)
   Second son
3. Evan Henton
   b.
   d. after 1803
4. Rebecca Henton
   m. Joseph Crider
   (both in Ky.)
5. Mary Henton
   b.
   d. 1787
   In Rockingham
6. William Henton, Jr.
   b.
   d. 1802
   Single
7. * *Peter Henton*
   b.
   d. 1813
   m. 1780
   Mary Scothern

* Owned first land in Rockingham, 1804. Lived with mother before this —E. Dist., 10 or 11 miles from Courthouse.

**3RD GENERATION**

Thomas Henton
b.
d.
Under age, 1780
(Heir-at-law to Joseph in Ky.)
William Henton —Ky.
Evan Henton —Ky.
Sally Henton —Ky.
m. Jacob Laswell—Ky.

1. Phebe Henton
   m. Jacob Barley
2. Peter Henton
   m. (Widow) Yancy, nee Moyers
3. *Thomas Henton*
   b. 1791
   d. ca. 1851
   m. 1814
   Betsy Strayer
   b. 1792 (census 1850)
   d.
4. David Henton
5. Evan Henton
   m.
   ——— Cox
6. William Henton
7. Moses Henton
8. Jesse Henton
9. Joseph Henton
10. John Henton

**4TH GENERATION**

*Silas Henton*
b. 1815
d. 1886
m. 30 Mar., 1840
*Sallie Andes*
(Daughter of Andrew Andes)
b. ca. 1820
d.

**5TH GENERATION**

*Mary E. Henton*
b. 1847
d.
m.
*James Huffman*
b. 1840
d. 1922
Calvin Henton
John Henton
Thomas Henton
Albert Henton

## HENTON FAMILY

### HIGHLIGHTS OF TAX LISTS

These early Rockingham *Hentons* were staunch Baptists. I found them of record in early Baptist records. John Alderson, prominent Baptist clergyman, appears frequently on their legal papers and they intermarried with Baptist families of the section. John Alderson's first church was on Linville Creek * (then Augusta County) and they also owned lands on that creek and were communicants of his church. There was also a Baptist Colony and a Baptist Church on Smith Creek ** in Rockingham County to which *Peter Henton* no doubt belonged.

Silas Hart was one of the most prominent men in the county and a Baptist leader. Two of the *Henton* brothers evidently named sons for him, and he may have been a kinsman also. They were certainly neighbors. The sheriff of the county was a glamorous figure to the pioneers, and Silas Hart was both a Justice and High Sheriff.

ANNALS OF AUGUSTA COUNTY, by Waddell.

To provide local governments until public affairs could be settled, the Convention passed an ordinance in July, 1775, requiring the qualified voters of each state to elect a committee to act as a sort of Executive Authority in the County for carrying into effect the measures of the Continental Congress and the Colonial Convention. Silas Hart was Chairman of the Augusta County committee.

RECORDS OF AUGUSTA, by Chalkley, Vol. II.

Pp. 148-149. Circuit Court Records.

Suit of *Henton* vs. *Henton*—O. S. 178; N. S. 63—Complainants are, viz.: *William* and *Evan Henton,* and Jacob Laswell and *Sarah,* his wife, late *Henton,* say that *William Henton,* grandfather of orators, died in 1779, testate (will in Rockingham) devised land to son *William* and, after death of his wife, to his son *Thomas* and daughters, *Mary* and *Rebecca.* Before his death, *William* had contracted to sell part of his land to Ingle Bowyer.

After *William* died, *George Henton* and Ingle *Bowyer* entered a caveat in General Court. *William's* heir-at-law was *Joseph Henton,* who removed to Kentucky in 1780 and was killed by Indians, leaving *Thomas Henton,* his oldest son and heir, an infant of tender years. *Mary Henton,* a devisee, died in May, 1787, testate

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Note: * Linville Creek Baptist Church was organized 1756. (Rockingham County)

** Smith Creek Baptist Church is near *New Market.*

(will in Rockingham) and devised her estate to her brothers, *Peter* and *Thomas. William Henton, Jr.,* died testate (will in Rockingham) and devised his estate to orator and oratrix.

*Thomas Henton* is heir-at-law of *Joseph Henton,* who was heir-at-law of *William Henton, Sr. Rebecca Henton* has married Joseph Grider and resides in Kentucky.

One *James Henton* and Asher Waterman have located a survey on the land, and *Peter Henton,* devisee of *Mary,* and also as purchase from Ingle Bowyer. Orators and oratrix are children of *Evan Henton,* who went away from Virginia. Orator *William* lives in Kentucky. Will of *William Henton* of Rockingham, blacksmith, dated 17 December, 1779. Recorded in Rockingham. Estate to be kept together until son *Thomas* arrives at age. Wife, *Mary;* sons, *William, Joseph, Evan, Peter;* daughters, *Mary* and *Rebeckah;* executors, wife and Michael Warren.

Will of *Mary Henton* of Rockingham, dated 13 May, 1787. Mother, *Mary Henton;* sister, *Rebeckah,* devise, brother *Peter Henton,* brother *Thomas.* Recorded in Rockingham. Will of *William Henton* of Rockingham. Legatee, Mary Cowan; legatee, Henry Cowan; cousin, *Sarah Henton,* daughter of brother *Evin Henton;* cousin, *William* and *Evin Henton,* sons of brother *Evin Henton.* Dated 1 October, 1802. Recorded in Rockingham, 21 June, 1803.

Deed 1 August, 1801. *James Henton* and *Elizabeth,* his wife, of Rockingham to Asher Waterman, 117 acres on Smith's Creek, patented to *James,* 1801. Recorded in Rockingham, December, 1801. Deed 31 July, 1805. Asher Waterman and Sally to *William Henton* of Shelby County, Ky., conveys above. Recorded in Rockingham, September, 1805. Conveyance by *Thomas Henton* of Shelby County, Ky., to *William Henton* of same place. Tract on Smith's Creek decreed to *Thomas's* grandfather by the General Court, 12 September, 1804. Power of attorney by Jacob Gryder and *Rebekah Gryder,* formerly *Henton,* of Rockingham County, but now of Baron County, Ky., to friend and kinsman, *William Henton,* of Shelby County, Ky. *Rebekah* is daughter of *William Henton,* September, 1804.

Note: This proves the first and second generations.

LAND BOOK A

Page 531. November, 1813.
Surveyed 29 acres of land for *John Henton, Evan Henton, Thomas Henton, Peter Henton, Joseph Henton, William Henton, Phoebe Henton, Jesse Henton, David Henton, Moses Henton,* heirs of

*Peter Henton,* deceased. . . . Beginning . . . to the house where *Peter Henton,* deceased, lived, etc., etc. (This land on Smith's Creek.)

DEED BOOK NO. 9

P. 16. Between *Thomas Henton* and *Betsy,* his wife, in Rockingham County, and James Clark . . . said *Henton* and wife to sell to J. Clark, 63 acres, also all right title, etc., of said *Thomas Henton* and wife in and to all land of the late *Peter Henton,* deceased . . . which interest in said land mentioned is composed of his own as well as his brother *William Henton's* ¾ distributive shares, etc., in witness hereof *Thomas Henton* and wife, James Clark and *Peter Henton.*

LAND TAX, Rockingham County, Va.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1832. *Peter's* Estate | 400 acres | Smith's Creek; *Thomas Henton's* undivided interest conveyed to *Peter Henton, Jr.* | |
| 1832 *Peter* | 3 acres | 3 poles Smith Creek, 13 mi. Northeast of Courthouse | |
| | 63 " | N. Mt., 14 mi. N. E., Conveyed by *Thomas Henton* and J. Shipman | |
| 1833 *Peter* | 63 " | Nr. Mt. | |
| | 211 " | Smith's Creek, Conveyed by heirs of *Peter Henton, Sr.,* deceased. | |

Note: Land Book A, Deed Book No. 9, and Land Tax Report prove the second and third generations.

DEED BOOK NO. 20

P. 496. 1847.

Deed by *Silas Henton* and wife, *Sarah,* to Reuben Sellers—4 acres near Smith's creek.

1849.

This . . . January 30, 1849 . . . deed between *Silas Henton* and wife *Sarah* by the one part, and Andrew Andes of the other . . . in consideration of the sum of $2,374.75 lawful money of Virginia to them in hand by said Andes . . . a parcel of land near head water of Linville's Creek, Rockingham County, Virginia . . . being part of 265 acres bought by *Silas Henton* from John Higgins (115 acres in tract sold to Andrew Andes.)

Note: This proves the fourth generation.

MARRIAGES—ROCKINGHAM COUNTY

*Peter Henton* to Mary Scothern
*Thomas Henton* to Betsy Strayer
*Silas Henton* to Sallie Andes, proved by Deed Bk. 20, p. 496.

A History of Shenandoah County, Virginia, by John W. Wayland, Ph.D.

Pp. 608-609. *Henton*

*Hentons* were on both sides of the Rockingham-Shenandoah line in the Virginia censuses of 1783, 1784 and 1785.

Of this family, Evan Henton joined Capt. James Harrod's company of about 30 men, 1774, and helped lay off Harrodstown (now Harrodsburg), first town in Kentucky. A lot was assigned to Henton and an adjoining one to Daniel Boone. Upon one or both of these lots was built a double log cabin, "known indiscriminately as Boone's or Hinton's (Henton's) cabin," until burned by the Indians, 1777.

Evan Henton was one of the first settlers of Shelby County, Ky., and another Henton—William Henton—was one of several children claimed to be the first white male child born in Kentucky. Thomas Henton was the ancestor of the Hentons of Woodford County, Ky.

Of another branch of the Hentons who remained in the Valley of Virginia, was Dr. Benjamin Henton, born 1793. He was representative of Fayette County in the Ohio House of Representatives, 1820; and while resident of Miami County, Indiana, was member of the Indiana House of Representatives, 1845, 1853, 1855, and of the Indiana senate, 1850–1853. He was a member of the convention which nominated General Andrew Jackson for President, 1824. Dr. Henton descended from the Boone family, of the Valley of Virginia and Kentucky.

## ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, VIRGINIA

LEGISLATIVE PETITION, 20 OCTOBER, 1790

*Benjamin Henton,* Surviving Executor of *John Henton,* deceased. The petition shows that *John Henton,* deceased, "your memorialist father, was appointed to purchase a waggon and 4 horses with gears," etc., for public use and became responsible for payment. *John Henton* was not paid by the county, hence he was sued and he asks the legislature to reimburse him for his loss.

Signed *Benjamin Henton.*

THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"*Sir Thomas Hinton* was born 1574, died 1 February, 1635. By his first wife, Catherine Palmer, he had five sons and two daughters, four of whom married and left issue, viz.: Sir Anthony married Mary Gresham; Sir William married Mary Popham; Sir John (born July 10, 1603, died October 10, 1682) married Catrina Vander Ruckle; Mary married Captain Samuel Mathews, afterwards Governor of Virginia, and is the ancestress of the Witherspoons of Kentucky. Sir John Hinton came to Virginia with his brother-in-law, Captain Mathews, in 1622, remaining two years; his brothers, Thomas and Sir William Hinton, came to the colony in 1634, but returned to England in 1637.

In 1666 there came to Maryland the first, fifth and sixth sons of Sir John Hinton (son of Sir Thomas Hinton, of 'Earlscott,' and Chilton Foliot)—Thomas, Clement and Richard Hinton. From Thomas descend the Hintons of New York and Philadelphia; Clement died unmarried and Richard, it is claimed, was the progenitor of the Hintons of Virginia and North Carolina."

COLONIAL REGISTER, by Stannard

*Thomas Hinton,* born in England 1734; member of the Council.

Note: Members of the Council were appointed from much more important people than those elected to Burgesses by popular vote.

HENINGS STATUTES, Vol. 7, P. 204

*William Hinton,* member of Bedford Militia, September, 1758.

DUNMORE COUNTY TITHE LIST, 1774, 1775 and 1776 shows:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Michael Henton* | 473 acres |
| *Thomas Henton* | 455 acres |

WILLS OF FAUQUIER COUNTY, VIRGINIA

P. 28. 1 May, 1779.

Will of William Kirk shows:

*William Hinton* as witness.

OLD VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBORS, by Fiske

Fiske gives this picture of the home of the "worthy Capt. Matthews": "He hath a fine house, and all things answerable to it; he sows

yearly store of hemp & flax, & causes it to be spun; he keeps weavers, & hath a tan-house, causes leather to be dressed, hath 8 shoemakers employed in their trade, hath 40 Negro servants, brings them up to trades in his house, he yearly sows abundance of wheat, barley, &c., the wheat he selleth at 4 shillings the bushel, kills store of beeves, & sells them to victual the ships when they come thither; hath abundance of kine, a brave dairy, swine great store, & poultry; he married the daughter of Sir Thomas Hinton, &, in a word, keeps a good house, lives bravely, & a true lover of Virginia, he is worthy of much honour."

### Annals of Augusta County, 1726 to 1871, by Waddell

P. 218.

On the 18th of December, 1773, a number of the inhabitants of Boston, disguised as Indians, boarded the English tea ships in the harbor, broke open the chests, and emptied the contents into the sea. A boy from Virginia participated in that famous adventure—*Christian Bumgardner,* who lived in what is now Shenandoah County (Virginia), was then in Boston with his wagon and team, accompanied by his son *Jacob.*

The youth was drawn into the scheme, and helped to throw the tea overboard. During the war of the Revolution, *Mr. Bumgardner* removed to Augusta and settled on the farm near Bethel Church, where some of his descendants now reside.

*Jacob Bumgardner* was a Revolutionary soldier and lived to a venerable age. He was the father of *Lewis* and *James Bumgardner.*

### Virginia Land Grant Office

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Godfrey Bumgardner* | 1756 | 195 | acres | head water Smith's Creek |
| *Godfrey Bumgardner* | 1773 | 126 | " | Sugar Gap Run North Fork Potomas |
| *John Bumgardner* | 1746 | 400 | " | head spring Stoney Lick Branches. |

### The Ballard, Beale, Preston, Smith Connection

In a little Virginia Cemetery near Staunton, called *"Tinkling Spring,"* sleeping on this quiet hillside since 1747, is the restless heart of the Irish pioneer *John Preston,* who came to this country when his only son was eight years old. His wife *Elizabeth Patton* and three of his four daughters came with him. Another little girl first saw the light of day in America.

This only son *William Preston* was a remarkable man. He patented immense tracts of land, made a great deal of money and held many civil and military honors. He was at times Burgess, County Lieutenant, County Surveyor, and during the Revolutionary war was Colonel. He was wounded at the Battle of Guilford, from which injuries he died the following July, at his estate called *"Smith Field."* His wife, Susanna Smith, was a granddaughter of Captain Wm. Smith and his wife, Elizabeth Ballard (daughter of Thomas Ballard, Speaker of the House of Burgesses 1630–89). Her father William was son of Major Laurence Smith, County Surveyor of Gloucester, 1686, the same Laurence Smith who laid out Yorktown, 1691.

*James Patton Preston,* son of William Preston, was Governor of Virginia, 1816–1819, and his son, William Ballard Preston was Secretary of the Navy, 1849. The daughter of Navy Secretary, *Lucy Redd Preston,* married Wm. Radford Beale and their daughter, *Lucy Preston Beale,* is the wife of *Oscar C. Huffman.*

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